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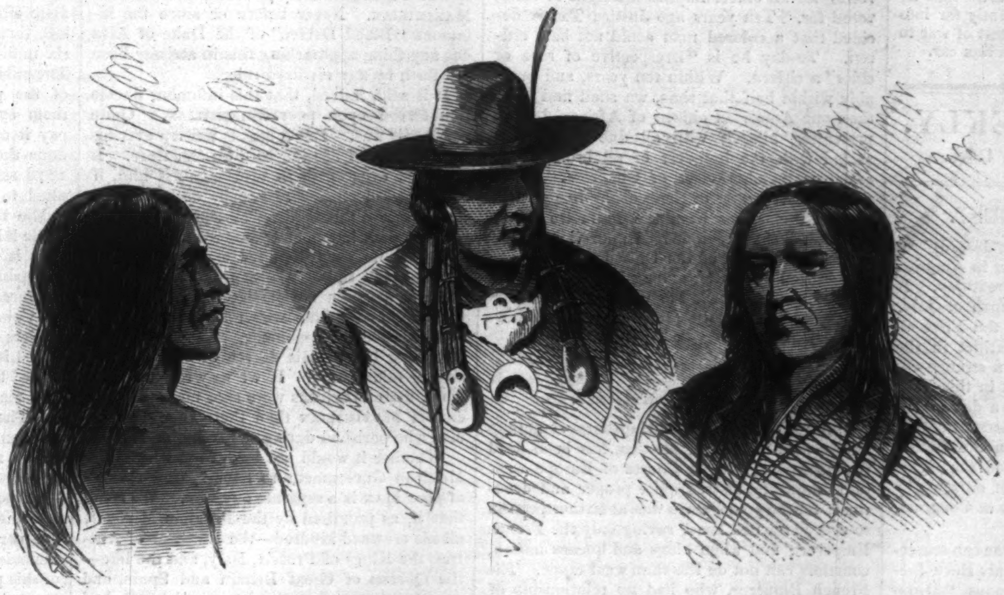
INDIAN WAR SCENES.

In a former Number we gave an account and illustration of General Custer's interview with the Sioux Chief "Pawnee Killer." Our artist with General Custer's command sends us a portrait of this Chief and some of his braves, which we reproduce on this page.

We also give, from the same pencil, an illustration of the scene of the finding of the remains of Lieut. Kidder, of the Second United States Cavalry, and ten of his men, on Beaver Creek. It appears from our correspondent's report of this melancholy affair, that Lieut. Kidder, who had lately reported for duty with his Company, stationed at Fort Sedgwick, was ordered to take ten men as an escort, follow the trail of General Custer, and deliver to him some important dispatches from General Sherman. General Custer had moved from his camp at the Forks of the Republican River, where it was supposed the party would overtake him; and Lieutenant Kidder must have mistaken the trail of the wagons which had carried supplies from Fort Wallace to Custer's camp for that made by the movement of the command. From appearances there is no doubt that the party was attacked by a party of three or four hundred Indians, who drove them into a ravine, where they were speedily killed. The remains were too horribly mutilated to enable the officers to recognize any of the party. They were buried near the spot where they fell. Other pictures illustrative of Indian campaigning on the plains will be found on page 516. "Sioux Indians attacking a Company of the Seventh Cavalry," and "Sioux and Cheyenne Indians attacking a Wagon-Train," illustrate favorite modes of aggressive and defensive warfare among the Indians and their white antagonists. The first is an illustration of one of the "neatest little cavalry skirmishes" (to use the military slang) which has ever been fought on the plains. It occurred on the 29th of June, near the Forks of the Republican. Capt. Louis Hamilton, with twenty men of Troop C, Seventh Cavalry, started after a small squad of Indians. When eight miles from the Forks of the Republican he was attacked by a large party of Sioux, numbering nearly two hundred. He first essayed a charge, but quickly discovered that his horses were too much enfeebled to enable him to fight successfully on horseback. Dismounting his men, he deployed them in a circle about his horses, and fought the Indians for nearly two hours, at the same time slowly moving toward the camp. His loss was one horse killed. Three Indians were killed, and several wounded. The men had never before been brought into a fight with Indians, but nevertheless behaved with that cool gallantry which old Indian fighters know to be the only salvation of a small force against a large body of Indians.

The other fight alluded to took place on June 26. On the previous evening a train of sixteen wagons, loaded with stores for the Seventh Cavalry, left Fort Wallace to proceed to the camp on the Republican Forks. On the morning of the 26th, when near Black Bute, the train was attacked by several hundred Cheyennes and Sioux. The escort—Company D, under Lieutenant Sam Robbins—fought the Indians for ten miles, and succeeded in keeping them off until the train could be brought to the vicinity of the camp of Company K, under Captain West, located on Beaver Creek. On the first appearance of the Indians the train was corralled, and the men formed about it. The wagons were then started on in double column, a sufficient space being left between them to shelter the horses of the men who were dismounted, and formed as skirmishers about the train. The Indians enveloped the train completely, but did not attempt to charge except in small parties, which quickly broke when the fire from the carbines of the men was concentrated on them.

Lieutenant Robbins is an old Indian fighter, and, as he expresses it, "gave the Indians to understand that the forty men that compose Company D were quite as fond of coffee, sugar, etc.,



PAWNEE KILLER AND HIS BRAVES.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

DISCOVERING THE REMAINS OF LIEUTENANT KIDDER AND TEN MEN OF THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

as they were; and inasmuch as they had it on hand, they were disposed to hold on to it." Lieutenant Robbins lost no men, and succeeded in killing five Indians and wounding nine or ten.

Our other picture, on page 516, illustrates another phase of camp life. Soldiers are known to have a particular weakness for any animal which can be petted. For a wonder the Seventh Cavalry has no cat, but it owns a specimen of nearly every other creature of the animal kingdom. As far as dogs are concerned the regiment has been unfortunate, losing more than it could replace by the most persistent stealing from ranches and trains. Antelopes and wolves are the chief stock now on hand. Four pretty little antelopes and eight young wolves, principally of the coyote kind, are something of a menagerie in themselves. But add to this eagles, ravens, prairie-dogs, jack-rabbits, with ears twenty-three inches from tip to tip, an owl or two, and some fangless rattlesnakes, and the reader will have some idea of the pets in their camp. General Custer says that as soon as the collection is completed by the accession of a buffalo-calf or two, elk, beaver, a black-tail deer, and a musical specimen of buffalo-wolf of the big gray kind, he thinks that he shall send the whole affair to Central Park—that is, if the Pacific Railroad gets sufficiently far into the plains and near enough to the seat of war to enable him to load the whole into a box car.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 17, 1867.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

So long as "persons of African descent" remain as a distinguishable class in America the First of August will be their great day. It will be their Passover, their Fourth of July, their Saint Patrick's Day. On the First of August, 1834, slavery became extinct in the British West India Islands. By a strange coincidence, on the First of August in this Year of Grace, 1867—a generation, to a day, as we now reckon human generations—persons of that race, heretofore held as slaves in the United States, for the first time exercised the rights not merely of "freedmen," but of citizens, by voting for Governor and members of Congress. This in the State of Tennessee.

Verily the world does move. One can scarcely believe that it is exactly ten years since Justice Taney pronounced his famous "Dred Scott" decision, wherein, backed up by the whole body of Associate Justices, he laid down as established law that no person of African descent was or could ever become a citizen of the United States. Let us, however, do justice to Justice Taney. He never gave the atrocious decision so often attributed to him, that the black race was "so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." These words, indeed, occur in his decision. He says that they had been so regarded for a century before the framing of the Declaration of Independence; and that then "no one seems to have doubted the correctness of the prevailing opinion of the time." But the whole context shows that Justice Taney, so far from formally giving his official sanction to this sentiment, had serious doubts as to its rightfulness. He indeed denied to the colored race, through all generations, any political or civil rights. But he would doubtless have conceded to them some rights which "the white man was bound to respect"—such rights, for example, as the amiable Mr. De Bergh so strenuously maintains for turtles and donkeys, omnibus-horses and ragpickers' dogs—the right at least not to be starved or brutally beaten.

Many men had the gravest doubts as to the safety of extending the franchise to the freedmen. We shared in those doubts. But concurrent testimony from a thousand sources convinces us, as it has convinced every thoughtful man, North and South, that our fears were groundless. The freedmen have borne themselves with a dignity, a moderation, a decorum which their best friends dared not to hope. We have just received a letter from a Georgia planter, the most intimate friend and associate of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the late Confederacy. The writer, who fought during the whole war on the Southern side, says, in effect, that the South ought, long ago, to have emancipated the slaves and given them the right of suffrage. How the freedmen came to be found, all at once, in possession of so much real political knowledge has puzzled us all. Perhaps "Porte Crayon," in a picture in *Harper's Magazine* of last January, solves the mystery. There we have a person of unmistakable "African descent" waiting at table, whereat are seated several most undoubted F. F. V.'s, who are clearly discussing politics. Colored Person, tray in hand, is ready to change plates, or replenish the wine or punch glasses; but his ear is turned so as to catch every word which falls from the lips of the F. F. V.'s. In an hour after the F. F. V.'s have retired from the festive board every word which they have said will have been told to a score of eager listeners in the negro quarters. That attentive "boy" was for the future freedmen not a bad substitute for a daily newspaper.

Well, the election in Tennessee came off on the First of August. As we write, on the second, telegraphic reports thereof come in. Nashville, which would most likely have been the Confederate capital, had the Confederacy lived, has never been famous for quiet elections. But now we read that the polls closed upon a very peaceable scene. There was no fighting, no drunkenness, no disorder. Early in the morning long lines of dark faces were formed at the polls. One by one, in due order, the dusky new-made freedmen deposited their ballots and departed. In the afternoon the whites mainly voted. That the election would go in favor of the "Radicals" was a foregone conclusion. President Johnson himself could hardly have hoped to find any support in his own State.

This First of August, 1867, will stand as the culminating point of a great revolution. On that day colored men for the first time fairly voted for Governor and members of Congress. They did not, so far as we know at this time, vote for candidates of their own color. But it is well for all men to understand that this will not be a perpetual precedent. The right of voting for an officer implies the right of being voted for. Ten years ago Justice Taney decided that a colored man could not be a citizen. To-day he is "irrespective of race or color" a citizen. Within ten years, and probably within half that time, we shall find more than one American citizen of African descent presenting himself with all due credentials, sealed with the broadest of all broad State seals, as member-elect of Congress. More than likely the first of these ebony-images will present themselves from the Palmetto State. What shall then be done? In our view, if the Fortieth Congress of the United States is not scandalized by having among its members Mr. John Morrissey, the Forty-second can not be greatly harmed by the presence of Mr. Frederick Douglass.

POOR MAXIMILIAN.

Prince Maximilian of Hapsburg, sometime known as Emperor of Mexico, has been dead two months. All the Courts of Europe went into mourning, as was quite proper and decorous; for the poor Prince was, at farthest, cousin to every crowned head, saving only the French Emperor; and when kings and queens mourn, courtiers can not do less than wear crape. The French Emperor, who had no relationship of blood with the poor Prince, had yet good right to figure as chief mourner. Only for him Max might to-day have been preserving bugs or taking photographs at Miramar. Only for him "poor Carlotta" might have been to-day a lively Archduchess, fair, fat, and hardly forty, instead of a pining idiot, happy only in not being able to know the fearful woe which has fallen on her and hers.

The Courts all went decorously into mourning. Most of them have got decorously out of it. Quite likely the Emperor of Austria has not yet forgotten his dead brother. Quite likely Sophie, the mother of the two Emperors, may be half-crazed at the thought of the one who was shot at Queretaro. Quite likely the Dowager Queen of the Belgians will mourn, while life lasts, over her poor demented daughter. Tragedies are every where enacted, in palace as well as in hut. But Max is dead; the world has had its due shriek, and it is now time to inquire carefully whether the poor Prince was rightfully done to death.

That he was brother of an Emperor, brother-in-law of a King, cousin, at more or less remove, of almost every king and queen in Christendom, is of no account in this inquiry. He must be judged simply as a man.

We accord in the outset all that his most earnest advocates can claim. Prince Maximilian was intelligent and accomplished; he was brave and courteous; he was not naturally cruel or wicked; he would gladly have been a good ruler. We grant even more. We admit that his election by the Mexican notables gave him a presumable claim to the Mexican crown; took him fairly out of the category of filibusters and brigands, enemies of the human race, and gave him the right to make war and be warred upon, with all the observances by which modern civilization has sought to mitigate the inevitable horrors of warfare. We grant, therefore, that Maximilian in Mexico, in 1865, held precisely the same position as that of William of Orange in Great Britain in 1688. No one can claim more for him. If he made war in accordance with the laws of civilized war, he was entitled to all the immunities of civilized warfare. If he violated those laws he could not claim their protection.

Prince Maximilian, claiming to be Emperor of Mexico, notoriously, palpably, and outrageously violated the laws of civilized warfare. By his decree—noted and notorious—of October 2, 1865, he put himself, as between him and his opponents, outside of the pale of civilized warfare. This decree consists of a preamble and fifteen separate articles. The preamble declares that the "cause which Don Benito Juarez has defended has succumbed," and that "hereafter contests will only be between honorable men and gangs of criminals and robbers;" that henceforth "clemency will cease on the part of the Emperor," and the Government will be "inflexible in its punishments." Then follow the "articles," of which the first reads thus: "All persons belonging to armed bands or corps, not legally authorized, whether they proclaim or not any political principles, and whatever be the number of those who compose the said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily by the courts-martial, and if found guilty of the only fact of belonging to the band, they shall be condemned to capital punishment within twenty-four hours following their sentence." The thirteenth article expressly declares that "the sentence of death, pronounced for offenses provided by this law, shall be executed within the delays prescribed in it; and *it is prohibited that any demands for pardon be gone through.*" That is, should it have happened that Juarez or Escobedo were captured by a sub-lieutenant, even, they must have been shot within twenty-four hours. Other articles denounce fine and imprisonment upon all who may even be suspected of holding relations with those whom the decree styles *guerrilleros*, by which is meant every person in arms against Maximilian. Never before or since the infamous "Blood Decree" of the Duke of Alva has any thing approaching this in atrocity been put forth by any civilized ruler.

It is said, indeed, that this infamous decree was forced upon poor Maximilian. Quite possibly it was. But it stands written over his own name and bearing his own signature. It outlawed every man in arms against him, if captured. It therefore equally outlawed him if he fell into the hands of his opponents. He fell into their hands at Queretaro, red-handed, and with no conditions. He was tried, condemned, and shot. We can not see how any one can question the justice of his sentence. He died under laws which he had indorsed. He outlawed his opponents. Could they help outlawing him? His decree of outlawry was no idle fulmination. If we may rely upon reports, more Mexicans were shot under this decree of Maximilian than there were Frenchmen who perished during the Reign of Terror.

Whether it would not have been wise in the Mexican Government to have spared the life of poor Max is a separate question. We think that if, as promised by the Prussian Minister, all his crowned kindred—the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Italy, and the like—the Queens of Great Britain and Spain, and sundry other potentates, great and small, had united in a solemn pledge that neither they nor their cousin Max should ever again interfere in Mexican matters—it would have been better, merely as a matter of policy, to have spared the life so justly forfeited.

FUNDING THE DEBT.

It appears to be generally conceded that the regular session of Congress in December will be largely occupied in financial discussion. An annual *per capita* tax of four dollars is imposed upon every individual in the nation—undoubtedly a heavy burden. It was no small tax upon our resources to provide, in the first place, the whole capital of our immense debt—a feat whose magnitude astonished the Governments and capitalists of Europe beyond measure. A heavy load was subsequently added, and our debt must, without doubt, tax our energies and financial ability for many years to come. In addition to the heavy annual interest of $143,000,000, we have to carry a local, State, city, and county debt which, in New York and some other States, would have been regarded as of frightful magnitude ten years ago; we shall have to pay, for the next fiscal year, $30,000,000 in pensions, and the amount will not diminish for several years.

Under these prospects and actual experience, it is no wonder that a score of remedial projects of relief have already been suggested. One of these is *repudiation*; but the honor of the republic will not for a moment countenance so vile a measure as that. Another is to throw a portion of the load upon future generations, either by funding the debt in such a manner as to insure its payment in fifty or a hundred years, the interest to be not over four or five per cent.; or by appropriating a certain amount for the reduction of the debt, with a separate appropriation for the interest, to the actual amount required annually. A modification of the existing system of taxation has been earnestly urged in intelligent quarters, as affording means of partial relief. The advocates of such a measure contend that the protection given to certain favored interests discourages industry, enriches the few who are protected, but at the expense of the great bulk of the people; that the exorbitant tariff on imported goods shuts up the work-shops, the factories, and the shipyards, while it enriches our neighbors of the British Provinces. The "Free-Trade League" is taking the lead in the effort to inculcate this idea into the minds of the people. There is a large faction who demand the substitution of legal tenders for the present national currency, as tending toward the great desideratum. This would be equivalent to obtaining, free of interest, a loan equal to the $300,000,000 of National Bank circulation, and save the $19,000,000 a year which is now paid to the banks in gold as interest on their bonds deposited with the Treasurer. But such substitution, even if it were advantageous, could not be made without violating the pledges given to the banks by Congress.

The grand aim, in all cases, seems to be to check a redundancy of currency; to return to specie payments; to decrease the percentage of taxation; to lighten our shoulders of their burden by reducing the amount of interest to be paid on the public debt; and to throw a portion of the debt upon our children and grandchildren. It seems not at all improbable that the next Presidential campaign will be fought, in great part, upon financial questions. Politicians are actively drawing their party lines, and public attention is every day being turned more and more to these matters. Hitherto, the masses of the people have scarcely investigated them at all.

No one can fail to perceive the advantage which England has derived from funding her public debt. There is certainly no country whose banking system is more perfect, or whose finances are in sounder condition. The immediate effect of consolidating her several stocks into three per cents. was the saving of five to six millions of pounds sterling on the interest. The public were also relieved from the payment of the principal, which would have crushed them by its weight if they had attempted to pay it off rapidly, as the United States have done theirs. Since the funding operation in 1816 surplus funds have repeatedly been applied to the reduction of the debt, so that the public burden is gradually becoming lighter, while it has never proved grievously oppressive.

It is urged by those who object to funding the public debt that the Government by so doing forces a reduction of the interest, and thereby violates her plighted faith to the present holders of the debt. The same objections were raised in Great Britain when the plan was projected there. But England did no such thing. She made her offer, and the nation accepted it. The great bulk of the people took the three per cents. in exchange for stocks bearing the higher rates of interest, while those who would not assent to the exchange received cash for the stocks they held. This is what should be done here, only the rate of interest talked of is five per cent. instead of three. Doubtless the financiers of Congress will work up the details of this projected plan and explain what inducements may be offered the people to accept it. We feel convinced that no other method yet suggested for relieving the nation of its burden is so politic or so efficacious. Repealing or modifying the National Bank act will not do it; neither will any other ill-digested scheme of legislation. When Congress is ready to consider the subject the people will be better acquainted with it than now, and better prepared to entertain it.

A YEAR OF PEACE IN EUROPE.

Very remarkable have been the events in Europe illustrating the year of peace which began on August 24, 1866, by the signing of the treaty of Prague. Italy, with the exception of the city of Rome, has been united and strengthened; and already formidable efforts are making to redeem the Imperial City from the Papal rule which has so long cursed it. The old confederation of Germany has been consolidated in a great kingdom under a more liberal constitution than it has ever before enjoyed. Austria though a constitutional monarchy in name for nearly twenty years was practically an absolute despotism until a year ago; since then it has been forced to make great concessions to its subjects, to restore her old and liberal constitution to Hungary, and to permit her patriotic exiles to return and take their places in the councils of their country. England, displaying more influence in European affairs than she was supposed to possess, has by a timely interference prevented a renewal of war in Germany; and with more liberality or even greater shrewdness than she has had credit for, has conceded or else imposed on her people more liberal or else more deceptive Reform measures. France, forced to abandon her aggressive schemes in Mexico, turned her attention to the arts of peace, and won a great triumph in the display at Paris, to which have gathered, as to a feast of good fellowship, the lately belligerent monarchs and princes and warriors of Christian and infidel Europe. Very little indeed has been accomplished during that period which is not calculated to give the nations greater liberty of person and conscience, and advance them to a higher grade of civilization.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE INDIANS?

Certainly the country has reason to be dissatisfied with the present conduct of the Indian war on the plains. It was begun by volunteer troops of the United States in 1864 by the commission of a series of outrages culminating in the horrible "Chivington massacre." It has been characterized in its progress since only by ambuscades and massacres of the white settlers, travelers, and troops. The great industrial

enterprise of the age, the Pacific Railroad, has been retarded—it is now, as far as one branch is concerned, abandoned; the overland routes to the Pacific coast have been interrupted, and, practically, travel is at this time suspended. Fights, in which our troops are invariably at the disadvantage of inadequate numbers of men and animals, are of almost daily occurrence; and disasters to our arms or massacres of our settlers have been recorded and illustrated in this journal for the last ten months with painful frequency. Nothing, literally nothing, has been accomplished by the commands of Generals HANCOCK and CUSTER in their seemingly purposeless marches to and fro between the Platte and Arkansas rivers; the Indians, in small but decidedly predatory bands, control the whole region between those streams and along the Kansas and Colorado border. And yet we are officially told that this ineffective style of warfare is costing the country $1,000,000 per day, and it was estimated a month ago that $100,000,000 would be expended in accomplishing the work of subduing about ten or fifteen thousand warriors spread over a territory of only about two hundred miles square. At the present rate of progress it will certainly cost that much.

But is there not a cheaper, wiser, and more humane method of dealing with these refractory subjects? Is it imperatively necessary that the country should prosecute the war to the "lame and impotent conclusion" which it threatens? What has become of the mysterious Indian Peace Commissioners lately mentioned as at Washington ready to proceed to the scene of warfare? If such a Commission is not on its way to the West one should be sent immediately, and the war terminated at once. If we were right in beginning it we are powerful enough to afford to be generous in granting terms of peace; if we were at fault—and there remains but little doubt of that—we ought to be for that reason more eager to conclude a liberal peace. It is very clearly understood that this, like all the previous Indian wars in the West, originated in disputes between the Indians and white settlers—that it is the natural contest arising out of the clashing of the adverse interests of the two races located on and each claiming the territory; and the surest way to settle this and prevent all similar wars, is for the Government to take its proper position as an arbiter between its sons and its dependents, and see that the latter have mercy shown them. It is not justice but mercy that the Government is called upon to exercise, for justice to the poor, contemptible, and degraded Indian would be severest cruelty. The Indian tribes, as regards numbers and nature, are in a dependent state; they prefer that idle and ignoble condition, and can be just as well, and much more cheaply, taken care of as our pensioners than as our antagonists. In every treaty which has been made with them for years past they have easily been induced to abandon their old homes for new reservations away from the white man's track; and there is nothing to prevent a sensible commission, properly authorized, from inducing all the belligerent tribes occupying the envied and contested ground between the Platte and Arkansas rivers to remove to more remote hunting-grounds by the judicious expenditure of a few millions in trinkets and annuities.

CONTEMPT FOR TRAITORS.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, with as little good taste as sound judgment, has left the home in Canada in which he decided to pass his self-inflicted exile, and paid a visit to the loyal region of Northern Vermont. With some show of discretion, he entered the State at a point as remote as possible from the line of march taken by the Saint Albans raiders a few years ago. His experience in the village of Newport was hardly of a character to tempt him to call again; the incidents which transpired did not give his ride through the streets in the best turn-out which a few obsequious sympathizers could afford the semblance of a triumphal march. Boys and men hooted at him as he passed; crowds on the corners sang the refrain made familiar in war times, beginning with, "We'll hang JEFF DAVIS on a sour-apple tree;" loyal gentlemen residing in the suburbs of the village declined in gentlemanly but emphatic terms to permit him to drive through their parks, and to enter their houses; and one, a woman, bitter with the recollections of a boy lost at Andersonville, hurled a stone at him as he dashed through the streets.

It is to be regretted for their own sakes that the Newport people should have for a moment lost their temper, even under the great provocation which they suffered; but, since the incident has occurred, it will be wise in the rebel leaders and their sympathizers at the North to regard it in its true significance, and forbear in the future to provoke a swifter, if not a harsher or surer fate than the one which must finally overtake them. Let them not suppose that it has been out of respect to traitor or treason that the people of the North have, with unparalleled moderation and magnanimity, permitted the leading spirits of the rebellion to pass unmolested and almost unnoticed along their highways. There exists among the loyal masses at the North no sympathy with the crime or the criminal; both are held in detestation. All hate, too, is not yet dead, and it may prove dangerous to provoke too far, by such offensive displays as that alluded to, the anger of even so wise and moderate a people. Nor should these men make the not less grievous error of supposing that the feeling at the South which has induced the people of that region to cling to their old leaders, to elevate them to positions of honor and places of trust, arises from any thing more than an erroneous idea of fealty, originating in generations of false and pernicious teachings, or that it is aught but a spasmodic burst of mistaken devotion. A few years only will elapse before the South will be thoroughly educated into a clear comprehension of the true issues of the war against slavery, and will come to look upon their former leaders as the enemies of republican liberty. Then DAVIS, and LEE, and the rest, taking their proper places in history, will go down to posterity in the same category with ARNOLD and BURR. Let Mr. DAVIS be urged to go quietly as the others are going and have gone.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LIFE OF PRINCE ALBERT.

"THE Early years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, compiled under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. GREY," will be issued in a few days by Messrs. HARPER. The Queen's share in the authorship of this book is much greater than is indicated in the title. No small part, and that decidedly the most interesting, is written by the Queen herself. The translations of the letters of Prince ALBERT have been made from German into English by the Princess HELENA, the eldest unmarried daughter of the Queen. The original German is also given, and we may safely say that our own Miss MARY BOOTH would not have been ashamed to acknowledge renderings so faithful and spirited. Saving some historical details there is hardly a page of the book which could have been written without the immediate "direction of the Queen."

This volume was prepared solely for private circulation among the members of the royal family and a few persons who stood in personal relations with the Queen and the Prince. But it was soon foreseen that this privacy could not be certainly secured. Any one of a thousand accidents might any day put a copy, "surreptitiously obtained," into the hands of some unscrupulous person who would publish it, very likely in a garbled form. It was therefore determined to issue the volume to the general public in an authentic form. The decision was a wise one; for while the book does honor to the Prince Consort, there is not a word in it which will detract from the esteem and reverence with which Queen VICTORIA is held, not only in her own dominions, but throughout Christendom. Had the book been designed for general circulation it is quite certain that many things, of which the Queen herself only could know, would have been omitted. Such, for example, are the curious details of the royal courtship.

Before VICTORIA had fairly entered her teens it was quite sure that unless she died young she would wear the British crown. Her uncle, King WILLIAM IV. had not, and was not likely to have, any legitimate children, though while Duke of Clarence he had fathered more than one "Fitz-Clarence." Of course there was great anxiety as to the marriage of the heir-presumptive. Before she was seventeen years old five husbands had been proposed for her. Her uncle, the King, favored a Dutch Prince. Wise old LEOPOLD of Belgium fixed his eye upon his nephew, ALBERT of Saxe-Gotha, as poor a Prince as had blue blood in his veins. LEOPOLD had been in that condition himself, and he had good reason to appreciate the advantage of marrying a daughter of England. A quarter of a century before he had espoused the Princess CHARLOTTE, and a pension of $250,000 (£50,000) a year had been settled upon him. His consort had died not long after the marriage, but the pension was duly paid. He had already received some six millions of dollars, and, as he lived for another quarter of a century, he made in all something more than twelve millions of dollars by his lucky "Coburg match." LEOPOLD was most anxious that his clever young nephew ALBERT should be the husband of VICTORIA, and he had more to do than any other person in bringing about the match. He was continually sounding the praises of his favorite nephew. As early as 1836 ALBERT, then only seventeen years of age, but looking five years older, accompanied by his brother, went to England. To a friend of his own age he confided in strict secrecy that he was going to make the acquaintance of the Princess VICTORIA, and if they liked each other they were to become engaged. The princes, two as fine young fellows as one would be likely to see any where, remained for a month as guests of the mother of the Princess. The Queen in this book writes of the favorable impression which ALBERT then made upon her. Nothing, however, seems then to have been said about marriage, at least between the two young persons. Yet there appears to have been a sort of tacit understanding that this should some time happen. But the pear was not ripe for plucking, and wise LEOPOLD sent his nephew away to pursue his education. For three years following VICTORIA and ALBERT do not appear to have met, or even to have corresponded. Meanwhile King WILLIAM died, and VICTORIA, a girl of eighteen, succeeded to the crown. According to her own statement, here printed, but really written for her own children, the young Queen came near being spoiled by her new dignity. LEOPOLD had, in the mean while, been busy, and had gained from the young Queen a sort of assent to the marriage. Only she would not have it take place for several years. The Prince was too young (he was a few months her junior), and she wanted her freedom for a while; she was but twenty. She had, indeed, given Uncle LEOPOLD to understand that she would some day marry ALBERT; but now she would not marry any body within less than four years. ALBERT took the matter rather philosophically. "I will," he said, "submit to the delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon; but if, after waiting, perhaps for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position." Prince ALBERT, writing to his trusted cousin the Prince of Löwenstein, tells how the matter stood. He says: "the Queen declares to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. I went, therefore, with the quiet but firm determination to declare on my part that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair."

But luckily wise LEOPOLD looked a little more deeply into things. ALBERT, who three years before had been a pretty fellow, had grown into a remarkably attractive young man. Wise LEOPOLD judged that he had better go in person to England and see the Sovereign Lady to whom he had been already half-engaged. Late in 1839 he, with his faithful brother ERNEST, went to England. To be precise in dates, they reached Windsor Castle on Thursday the 10th of October, 1839. Handsome ALBERT came, saw, and conquered. In two days the young Queen gave marked tokens of affection for her old flame—not old in years, for neither of them had yet seen twenty. On the fourth day—the precise date being October 15, 1839, ALBERT received an intimation that the Queen wished to see him in her own apartments. She had the day before made up her mind touching a rather important matter, and had told her jaunty Premier, Lord Melbourne, that she meant to marry her handsome cousin. Melbourne was much relieved. "I am quite glad of it," he said; "you will be much more comfortable; for a woman can not stand alone for any time, no matter what her position may be."

But the young Queen had a delicate bit of work to do. "Her position," we are told, "made it imperative that any proposal of marriage must first come from her." In plain words, the lady had to "pop the question." We can not quite see the necessity in this case; but we assume that there was no way of getting over it. At any rate the Queen thought this to be a necessity, and she met it "like a man." Of this scene, which seems to us so odd, we have in this work two accounts, both written by the only two persons who could have known any thing about how the thing was done. ALBERT, writing to his dear old grandmother, says:

> "The Queen sent for me alone to her room, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was, that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me of this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away with it."

"Barkis was willin," as indeed he had good reason to be. The Queen writes to good Uncle LEOPOLD, who had so wisely helped the matter on:

> "My mind is quite made up, and I told ALBERT this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more and more than I can say, and shall do every thing in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy."

One does not often get so close to a courtship as this. If the Queen had before determined upon a long delay of any marriage, she now made ample amends. She "declared herself" on the 15th of October, 1839. The marriage was fixed to take place early in the next February—about three months after. It did take place on the 10th of that month, within less than four months. One can imagine what cutting and fitting, what basting and sewing, was required to get the "things" ready for bride and groom, for ladies and lords in waiting, and all that.

We doubt whether, taking it all in all, there was ever a happier marriage than this of the Queen of Great Britain and Prince ALBERT. There were indeed at first a few drawbacks, public and private. The young husband was in a way rather snubbed by the proud aristocracy of England. They fought in Parliament over the allowance to be given him, and the precedence to which he was entitled. He took this quite coolly. In all public matters he was content to be only one of the subjects of his wife. But this excellent young lady seems at first to have been inclined to "wear the breeches" at home. Three months after his marriage the Prince writes to his cousin: "In my home-life I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, not the master in the house." The compiler of the narrative, writing under the direction of the Queen, says that the Prince early "saw the necessity of his asserting and claiming the authority" that belongs to the husband in his own household. Whatever of difficulty existed was of short continuance. Things soon settled themselves rightly; and before long, "to those who would urge upon the Queen that, as Sovereign, she must be the head of the house and the family, as well as of the state, and that her husband was after all but one of her subjects, Her Majesty would reply that she had solemnly engaged at the altar to 'obey,' as well as to 'love and honor,' and that this sacred obligation she could consent neither to limit nor refine away."

All these and many other things are told in this book of the Queen. It tells, moreover, with what decorum, with what wisdom, the Prince ever bore himself; how, without people knowing it, he became a real power in the state; how whatever wise and good was done really belongs to ALBERT.

We are told that other volumes upon the life of the Prince Consort are to follow this one. These are to be written for the public eye; and we can scarcely expect the same affluence of personal detail; but they can scarcely fail to form a valuable addition to the history of our times.

REV. M. N. OLMSTED, 26 Maiden Lane, has just published, in a neat 12mo, "Walks and Words of Jesus; a paragraph Harmony of the Four Gospels," which has been strongly commended by the Rev. Bishop THOMSON, Rev. Professor NORTHROP, Rev. Doctor FOSTER, and other distinguished clergymen.

Also, a Pictorial Chart of the Antediluvian and Patriarchal Periods and of the Holy Land.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, on July 30, removed J. M. Throckmorton from the Governorship of Texas, as he had been shown by the reports of General Charles Griffin, commanding in that State, to be an impediment to Reconstruction. Throckmorton was a Brigadier-General in the rebel army. E. M. Pease was appointed Governor in his place. Mr. Pease is a native of Connecticut, a lawyer of eminence in Texas, was Governor from 1853 to 1857, and was strongly recommended by ex-Governor A. J. Hamilton as a consistent Union man during the war.

In view of the unstable condition to which the credit of New Orleans has been brought by the action of the City Council, General Sheridan, on August 1, readjusted both boards of that branch of the municipal government by removing twenty-one members, among them the President of the Board of Aldermen, and appointing more loyal men in their places.

The majority of Brownlow in the Tennessee election, which occurred on August 1, is estimated at at least 40,000.

The Richmond Republican Convention resolved on August 2 to indorse the action of General Sheridan in executing the laws, notwithstanding the embarrassments thrown around him by the President, and give notice that when the time comes for nominating candidates all acts of protection to Southern loyalists will be given due consideration.

Registration has begun in South Carolina. In accordance with the order dated August 1, by Major-General Sickles, post-commanders are to be Superintendents of Registration within their respective commands, exercising, in addition to the functions specially conferred, a general supervisory authority, looking to the faithful execution of the several Reconstruction acts, the maintenance of order, and the protection of political rights. They will suspend Registers for malfeasance in office, neglect of duty, or incompetency, and promptly report their action, with the reasons therefor, to the Commanding-General. The regulations are severe against persons endeavoring to thwart the right of registration, the offense being punishable by the post court. Offenses perpetrated by white persons disguised as blacks are of frequent occurrence, therefore the attention of all the authorities, civil and military, is directed to this device as one adopted to escape detection, and to cast unmerited obloquy upon the colored people. In all cases where resort thereto shall be shown, the fact will be taken into consideration as aggravating the offense.

The rebels of Tennessee are discharging by the wholesale the negroes who voted the Republican ticket; and the streets of Memphis and Nashville are filled with men in want of emplyment. All the rebel press of the State, with the exception of the Nashville *Banner*, advocate this proscription as the best means of punishing the negroes who will not vote for the "Conservative" candidates.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President, on July 30, caused instructions to be issued by the Attorney-General to the various District Attorneys and Marshals of the United States to observe with vigilance all persons suspected of unlawfully combining for expeditions into the territory of any foreign nation. This was aimed at the rumored filibustering Mexican movements in various parts of the country.

During the month of July 23,376 immigrants arrived at Castle Garden, nearly one-half of whom remain in the State of New York.

The Kentucky State election came off on August 5, and resulted in the election of the Democratic ticket for State officers by thirty thousand majority.

It was positively announced on August 6 that President Johnson had requested Secretary of War Stanton to resign his position, the reason being the continued opposition to the reconstruction policy of the President.

General Pope has ordered that all suits in civil courts against soldiers for acts performed by order of the military authorities shall be discontinued and not hereafter entertained.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A DOZEN or two reaping and mowing machines from France, England, Spain, and the United States entered into competition for the International prizes, and were tried on Napoleon's farm at Vincennes on July 30. M'Cormick's reaper performed its allotted task in twenty-four minutes; Wood's mower in twenty-six minutes; and both American machines worked better and faster than any others on the grounds.

There have been, in spite of the Turkish official announcement of the suppression of the Candian revolution, some movements of a positive character looking to the relief of the Christians. While England and France have been toasting the Sultan and wishing his Empire success, little Greece has been preparing for war with the Turk, and has announced her intention to declare hostilities against the Sultan in behalf of the Cretans if the war against them is not abandoned by September 1, 1867.

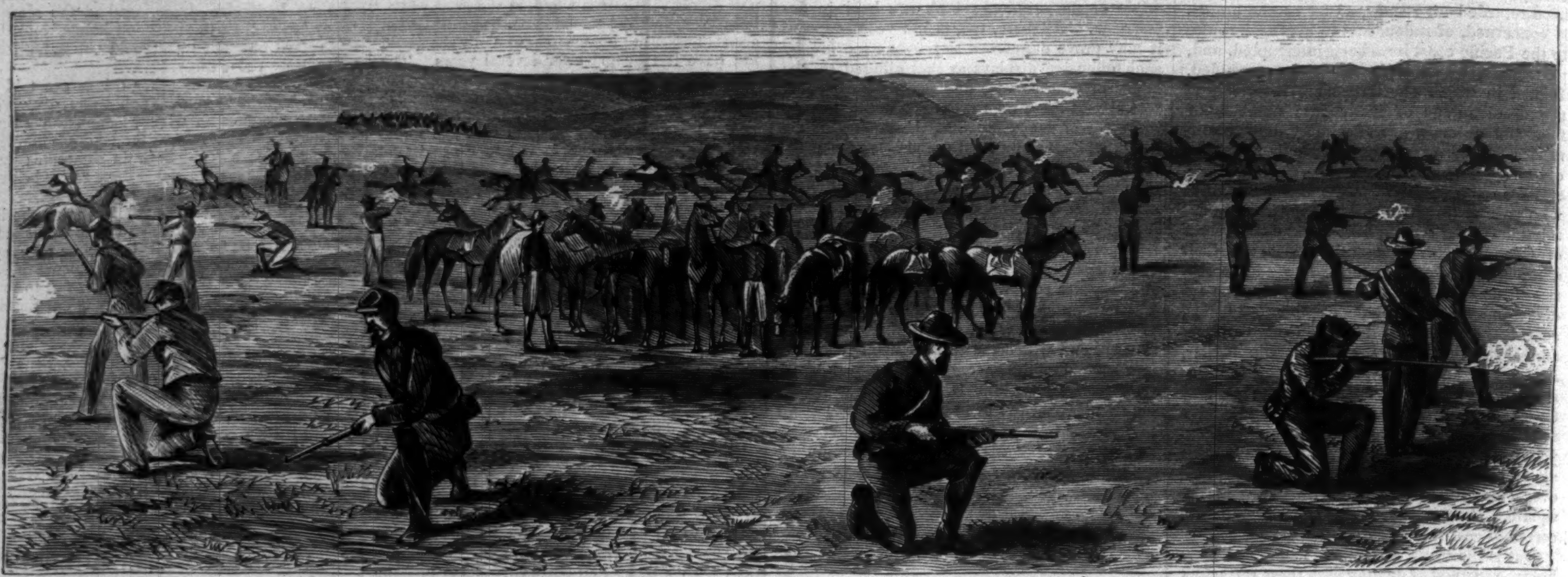
The *Dunderberg* arrived at Cherbourg, France, on August 3, after a run of 14 days and 17 hours through heavy seas and bad weather. The vessel proved herself a splendid sea-boat.

The Mexicans have decided on second thoughts not to give up the body of Maximilian.

Admiral Palmer, commanding the United States Gulf Squadron, has gone to Mexico City to demand the surrender of Santa Anna, who was captured by the Liberals on a United States vessel. He will also request the Juarez Government to deliver the body of Maximilian to the Austrian Government.

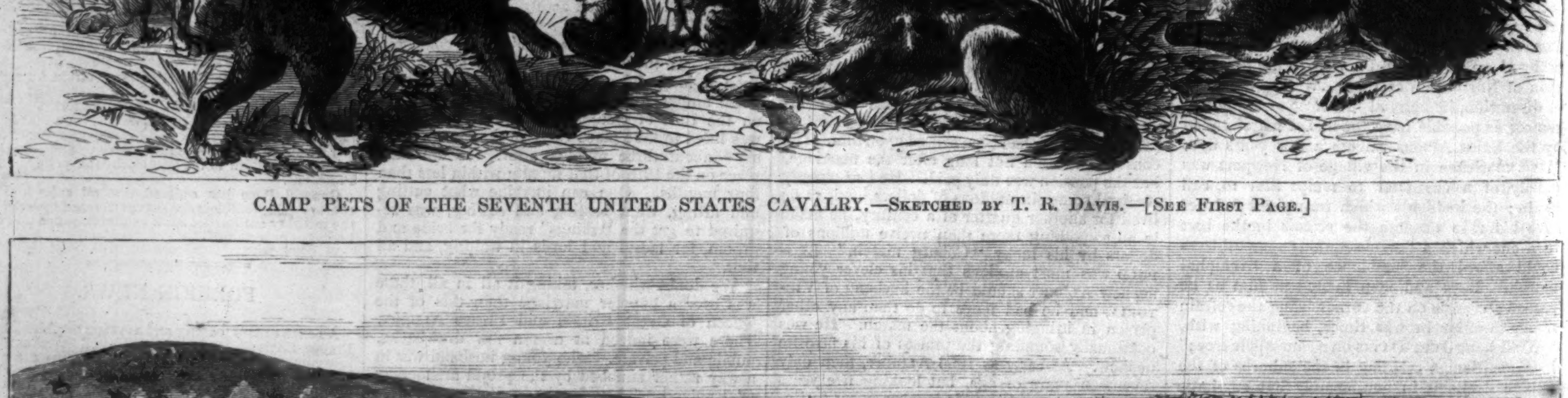
Garibaldi has temporarily abandoned his movements against Rome.

General Fariola, the "last of the Fenians" in prison in Ireland, has turned queen's evidence.

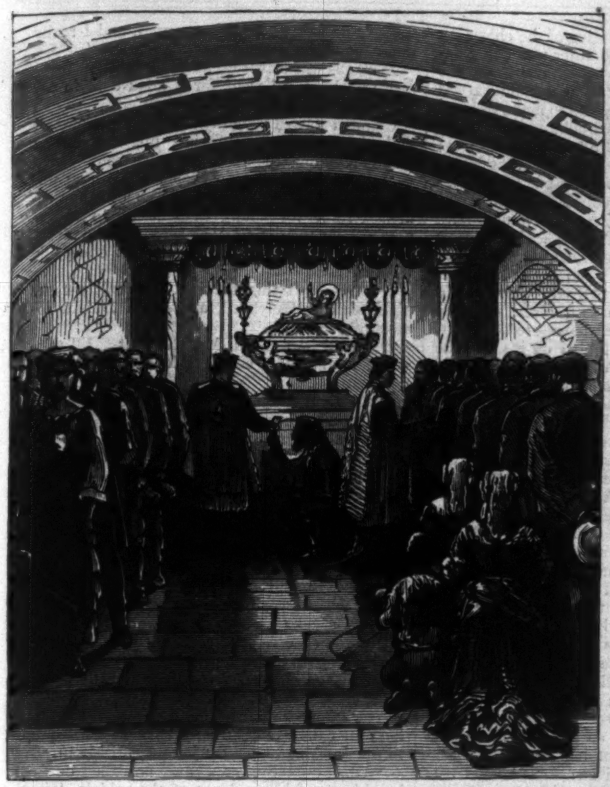


SIOUX INDIANS ATTACKING A COMPANY OF THE SEVENTH CAVALRY, JUNE 24, 1867.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

CAMP PETS OF THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



SIOUX AND CHEYENNES ATTACKING A WAGON TRAIN.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

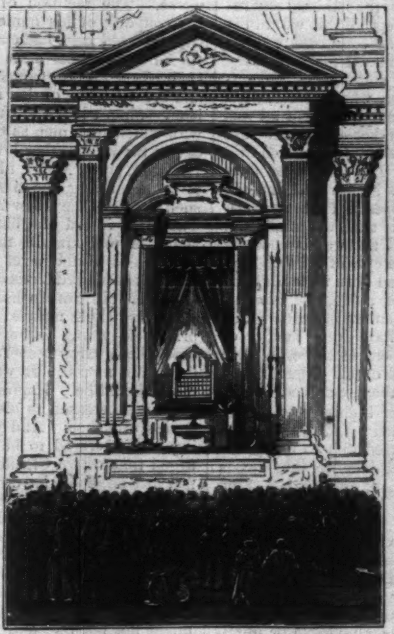


THE MANGER FROM BETHLEHEM.

CENTENARY FESTIVAL OF SAINT PETER AT ROME.

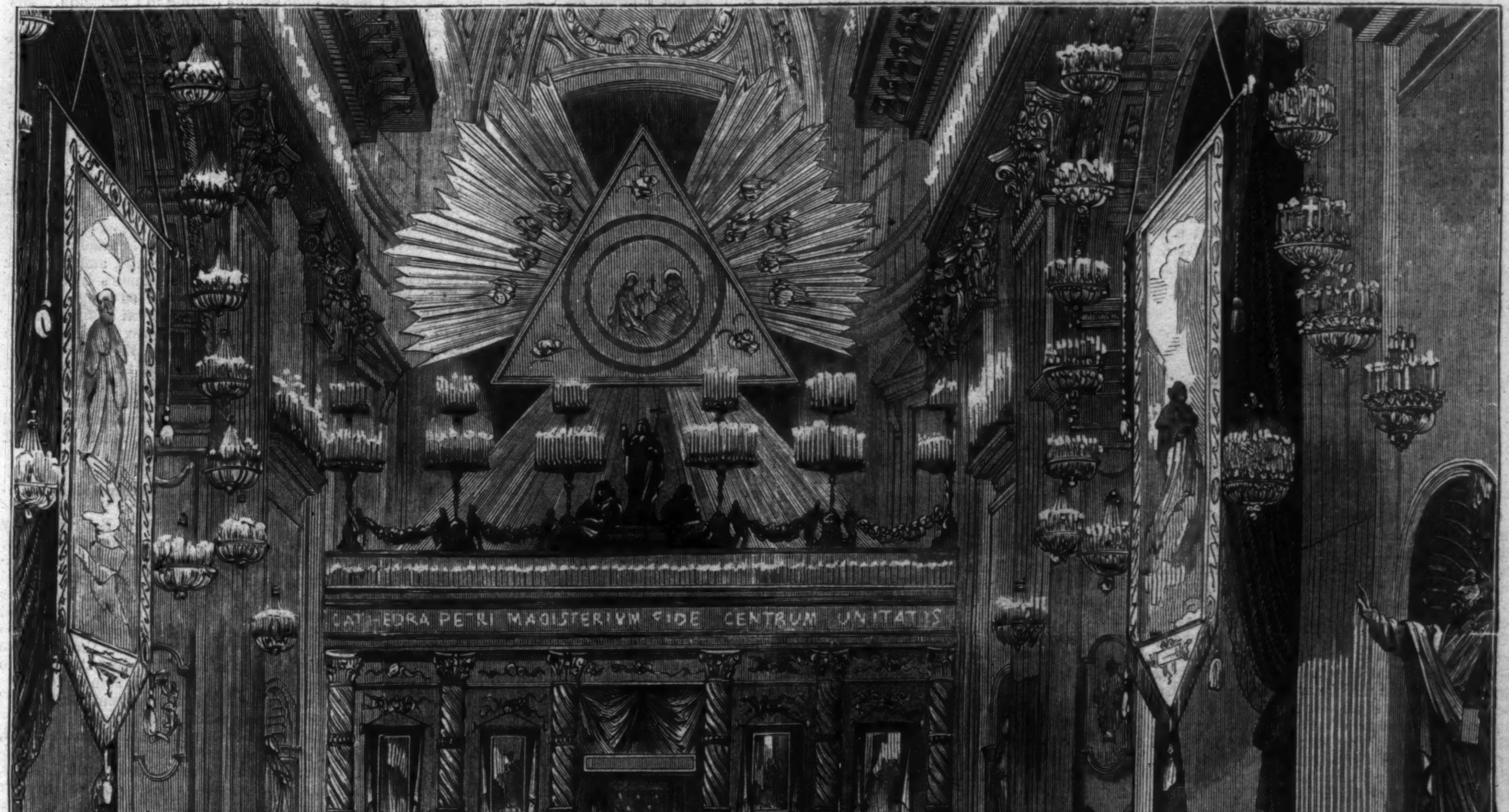
We give on this page several illustrations of scenes and objects connected with the celebration of the Centenary Festival of Saint Peter at Rome.

The statue of Saint Peter is of bronze, and is placed against one of the pillars of Saint Peter's, on the right of the grand nave, near the holy Apostle's tomb. It represents Saint Peter clad in a Roman toga, and in the act of bestowing his blessing. This statue was found in an ancient church, whence it was removed by Cardinal Oliver de Longueil in the fifteenth century. When Saint Peter's was constructed it was established in its present position. There is little doubt but that it was originally the statue of Capitoline Jove. Certainly it is very ancient. The drapery, the attitude, the modeling of the head, all remind us of the works of Byzantian art. Ordinarily an aureola of gold is placed upon the head of this statue; but on Saint Peter's day, and especially on the centennial festivals, it is crowned with a costly tiara, and is covered with pontifical ornaments of untold richness. On its finger is placed an enormous ring, with a very beautiful stone set in brilliants. The back of the seat on which it rests is covered with a cloth of gold plaited from the centre, as is shown in our illustration, and surrounded with a dais of brocade, like that which adorns the papal throne. Thus invested, the statue presents an aspect of life, notwithstanding the immobility of its bronze. It excites certainly in the minds of papists a sort of religious awe. Two torches blaze in its front, in chandeliers



SAINT PETER'S CHAIR.

KISSING SAINT PETER'S FOOT.



THE CENTENARY FESTIVAL OF SAINT PETER AT ROME—THE CANONIZATION OF SAINTS IN THE PRESBYTERY OF SAINT PETER'S, June 24, 1867.

of bronze, six feet in height, and splendidly adorned. The numerous crowd of the faithful surround it, and prostrate themselves before it, then approach and kiss the right foot, the great toe of which has been worn almost off by the kisses of ten or a dozen centuries. Even the popes go through with the same ceremony. This year there is an unceasing throng ever about the statue, which is guarded by *gens d'armes*.

The canonization of saints consists of a decree solemnly announced by the Pope, authorizing their worship by the Roman Catholic Church. The ceremony, in the midst of which this decree is announced, is preceded by a procession, in which banners are borne, on which are painted representations of the acts of ecclesiastics and martyrs, or the wonders performed by the persons canonized. This year the Pope and over 400 bishops or cardinals participated in this procession, which, at seven o'clock in the morning, descended the grand royal staircase, proceeding along the Swiss gallery, crossing the Place in front of Saint Peter's, and entering the church by the opposite gallery and vestibule. The Pope was carried in a chair, with his red robes and mitre of gold, holding a wax taper in his left hand, and bestowing blessings with his right. The cortége, on the conclusion of the procession, assembled in the *Presbytery* of Saint Peter's. This is that part of the church in which the officiating clergy hold their services. At the further end of the *absis* is the papal throne. On the right and left sit the bishops and cardinals, all in red robes and crowned with white mitres. A number of bishops surround the papal throne.

Before announcing the decree which will inscribe the names of twenty-five fortunate persons in the catalogue of saints, the Pope receives the triple supplication (*instanter, instantius, instantissime*). The reading of the decree is followed by a *Te Deum*. After this the Pope celebrates the mass of Saint Peter. He then pronounces a homily in Latin. Then follows the ceremony represented in our illustration on page 517. It is usual for the representatives of the canonized saints, those who have obtained the favor for them, to offer gifts to the Pope, as a sort of compensation therefor. These presents consist of tapers, two casks—one of water and one of wine—two loaves of bread, numerous cages containing doves, turtle-doves, goldfinches, and other birds. These are presented to the Pope with stately ceremony by the cardinals having charge of the process of canonization. The Pope touches the gifts as they are brought to him and then remits them to persons who have obtained them in advance.

The moment of offering the mass is the most interesting of the ceremony. The Pope is surrounded by his attendants, and the presbytery is crossed by those proceeding to the *offertoire* and returning. All the while a choir of four voices in the cupola and in the vestibule are chanting the anthem *Tu es Petras*—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Then the ceremony concludes, and the Pope, now wearing the tira, is borne away in the midst of the throng of bishops and cardinals.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book III.

CHAPTER XI.

CLEMENT HAS NOT TIME TO ANSWER MR. JONES.

Clement Charlewood, as Miss O'Brien had shrewdly suspected, had not been detained by any business so urgent as to have compelled his presence at Hammerham, had he willed that it should be otherwise. He had, indeed, said a few words to his father respecting the blue square letter received that afternoon, and had told him that he (Clement) did not intend to join the picnic party, but would go down to the office and answer Jones—the sender of the blue letter aforesaid—about that matter of the new Corn Exchange at Eastfield. "I'm not at all sure that it will be worth our while to send in a tender for the contract, Sir," he had said, with his mind apparently full of the subject of Mr. Jones's communication. But then Clement Charlewood had walked to the office, and had sat down at his desk with the blue envelope before him, and leaning his head on his hands, had silently endured an hour's acute anguish.

Since the day on which he had last parted from Mabel Earnshaw at Eastfield she had seldom been absent from his thoughts. He had told himself before that final interview that if she should still persist in her intention of going on the stage, he would resolutely pluck from his heart all hope and intention of winning her for his wife. That should be the decisive trial, and if she should prove deaf alike to the pleadings of love and the warnings of friendship, it would become him to set himself resolutely to stifle his unrequited attachment. But that had been, as I have said, before his parting interview at Eastfield, and while the unacknowledged hope was yet glowing at the bottom of his heart, that Mabel would yield to his disinterested love. That the hope had been frustrated the reader knows; and yet Clement Charlewood had by no means kept his resolution of giving up all thought of winning Mabel for his wife. He knew that the step she had taken had put a still greater barrier between them than that which previously existed, and which was already sufficiently formidable in the eyes of his family; Mabel's lack, namely, of wealth or social rank superior to his own. These obstacles, indeed, he did not much regard, for his mind was quite clear as to this matter. And he could boldly argue his cause with his father, as long as the objections of the latter only related to Mabel's poverty and social obscurity. But as to this step which Mabel had taken, in despite of all counsel and warning, Clement felt that it would be more difficult for him to plead with others in her defense, inasmuch as his own judgment and his own often-uttered opinion went against her. Nevertheless, in some vague way, which he did not attempt to define to himself, all obstacles were to be surmounted, if only Mabel could be brought to love him. She was at least fancy-free; and as long as her heart continued disengaged, so long he should cherish a hope of winning her. In short, he loved deeply and hoped persistently; but with the habitual shy reserve of his character, he kept all this within his own breast. His father was comfortably satisfied that Clement had dismissed his love-fancy completely from his mind; and none of the family—save, perhaps, Penelope, who was occasionally troubled by a lurking suspicion that all was not quite well with her brother—imagined that the thought of Mabel Earnshaw ever caused him one second's uneasiness. The advent of Geraldine O'Brien at Bramley Manor had, indeed, given rise to quite other hopes and speculations. Miss O'Brien's fortune, it is true, was small, but she was well-born, well-bred, and well-connected, and—crowning glory in the eyes of the rich contractor—her grandfather had been an Irish peer. Man can not live by bread alone, nor even by bread with an unlimited quantity of butter on it. The most prosaic people have some faculty or aspiration or ideal, which craves to be fed in a quite different manner and on far different food from any recognizable by the five senses.

Mr. Charlewood was not highly imaginative, but he had some imagination; and his imagination, such as it was, declared that to be the father-in-law of a lord's grand-daughter must needs be a most desirable position, and an object of ambition for which it was quite worth while to strive very earnestly.

He therefore observed, with great satisfaction, that Miss O'Brien—besides the halo of aristocracy, which made her admirable in his own eyes—possessed a great many charms and qualities calculated to attract the admiration of people to whom the halo aforesaid was invisible or unimportant; and she had not been many days under his roof before Mr. Charlewood had resolved that, if it were possible, he would bring about a marriage between his eldest son and Miss Geraldine O'Brien.

"Clem likes her very much, I'm sure," said Mr. Charlewood to his confidante, Penelope; "and I'm sure I don't know how he could help it, for she's charming, quite charming, and they're a great deal together."

"Clem does like her very much, papa, and she is charming, and they are a great deal together; but still—"

"But what? Do you mean that she don't like him?"

"No, papa. I certainly don't mean that."

"Perhaps you think she would not be satisfied on the score of family; but, Penny, these high folks know the value of money every bit as well as the rest of the world. Wealth, my girl, can command every thing—almost every thing, at all events; and Miss O'Brien's too sensible not to see that."

Clement, on his part, was inclined to like the gay, clever Irish girl very much indeed; and it was true that he rode with her, walked with her, and talked with her, with a constancy that might have almost seemed to justify Mr. Charlewood's hopes. But if that gentleman could have overheard the conversations that took place between Miss O'Brien and her cavalier during their long rides in the pretty sylvan lanes around Hammerham, his complacent assurance that matters were going as he wished might have been somewhat disturbed.

Clement, as I have said before, had a very vivid and heart-felt interest in the wide-stretching business of the great firm of Gandry and Charlewood; and it was an interest, if not altogether apart from, yet much superior to, the mere money-grinding power of its vast machinery. He was proud of its high repute, its unblemished integrity, its daring and enlightened speculations. The view of trade and traders presented to the young Irish lady by Clement Charlewood's conversation was an altogether new one for her; and Clement found in Miss O'Brien an intelligent and interested listener to all he could say upon his favorite theme.

Perhaps it would be too much to say that Mr. Clement Charlewood would have found absolutely the same amount of pleasure in these equestrian excursions if his companion, however intelligent, had been awkward and ugly instead of being, as she undoubtedly was, a handsome, graceful, distinguished-looking woman. Miss O'Brien's power of understanding and appreciating Clement's conversation clearly did not in any way depend upon the jaunty droop of her feather, the admirable fit of her riding-habit, the small, well-shaped hand that held the bridle so lightly, or the perfect ease and skill with which she managed her horse. But Clement Charlewood was a mortal man, and I should be very loth to affirm positively that these things did not tend to make his self-imposed task of instructing Geraldine O'Brien as to the doings of Gandry and Charlewood more pleasant than its intrinsic merits might have done.

But any thought that was disloyal to Mabel, any faintest idea of love-making, was very far from his mind.

And the lady?

The lady took a very great deal of interest in the last new line of South American railway, and the plans for the erection of a large pile of government buildings in British India.

The reading of Lady Popham's letter had struck a severe blow at Clement's inmost heart. He alone of all the Charlewood family had been quite sure from the first mention of the charming Ophelia, that Mabel and no other was being described; for, although he was not aware that she was acting under a feigned name, he had learned from Mrs. Saxelby that she was to make her first attempt at Kilclare. Lady Popham's praise and patronage were distasteful to him, perhaps from the assurance they seemed to convey that Mabel was likely to continue in her present path; perhaps because they realized, and, as it were, brought home to him the fact which had hitherto seemed hazy and distant, that Mabel had in very earnest commenced a theatrical career. But what followed was worse; ten thousand times worse. The mention of Alfred Trescott, and the coupling of his name with Mabel's by the garrulous old lady, had cut Clement to the heart. As he sat with his arms folded on his desk he suffered the keenest pangs of doubt and jealousy, and the wounding of that sensitive shrinking delicacy—almost like a second and finer self-love—with which such men as Clement regard the image of the woman they love in their inmost soul. His pure, proud Mabel, his innocent, candid, unprotected darling, she to be soiled by contact with such a one as he knew Alfred Trescott to be! The idea pierced him like a knife. Again and again he told himself that it was impossible; that Mabel would never stoop to think for one moment of Alfred Trescott; that the romantic, credulous old woman had fancied or misunderstood the whole matter; that the wily and unprincipled young fellow had, for his own purposes, been using Mabel's name with a boastful lie in his mouth. It was impossible that this thing should be. Impossible, incredible; an insult and a treason to his love to give it one instant's credence. And yet, and yet, the gnawing doubt refused to be so stilled. It may be urged that where Clement had bestowed a perfect love he should have given also a perfect trust. But that perfect trust, which comes from a sure, almost intuitive knowledge, of how certain circumstances and conditions will affect another person, is usually the slow growth of years of intimate companionship. As far as an unwavering belief in Mabel's absolute pure-heartedness and goodness went, his trust *was* perfect. But might not her best and most generous qualities be worked upon to her own detriment? How was her clear youth a match for the dark cunning of one so unscrupulous as Alfred Trescott? Had he not himself, he, Clement, had he not been witness how the very unselfishness and unsuspecting nobility of nature that he so loved had led her to take this fatally mistaken step which it seemed was destined to lead her on to unimagined ruin and disaster?

"I wish to God," moaned Clement, clasping his hot head between his hands, "that she had never gone to the music meeting, never seen that child, never made the acquaintance of that accursed family! Would to God, would to God that she had never known them!"

By degrees came the thought, what was he to do in the matter? What step did it first behoove him to take to ascertain the truth of this rumor, and to avert its fulfillment should it prove well founded? Clement had given Mabel his solemn assurance that, let the result of his suit to her be what it would, he should ever be her true and faithful friend, holding himself bound to serve and aid her at all times, to the utmost of his power, and Clement Charlewood was accustomed to attach to his words the full and simple meaning that they would honestly bear, and to avoid rhetorical flourishes or vague exaggerations in his speech. When, therefore, he wrenched his mind away from the contemplation of his own sufferings, and began to consider what it were best for him to do, he had this promise steadily in his remembrance, and was resolved to keep it to the letter. His first idea was naturally to have recourse to Mrs. Saxelby. But on further reflection he abandoned that project for the present. His experience of the pretty gentle widow had taught him that, although she would accept his advice with the most flattering reliance on his judgment, and a profusion of graceful acknowledgments, she would certainly never have resolution to act upon it, if to act involved any vigorous exertion of her own will, or any prolonged opposition to the will of others.

"If she knows this wretched rumor," argued Clement, "I am too late to do any good with her. If she does not know it, it would be cruel and useless to reveal it to her."

What could he do? To see Mabel herself was out of the question. In the first place, the subject was one on which he felt it would be almost impossible for him to speak to her; and, in the next place, he was firmly resolved, with all the force of his manhood, not to be tempted by the sight of her into any present renewal of his suit. He had promised to be her friend, and he would be so. But, although he could act on her behalf as a loving brother might do, he knew that he could not so master himself in her presence as to speak to her face to face with weight or calmness. What could he do? What could he do? He sat motionless at his desk, with his eyes so riveted on Mr. Jones's letter that the confidential clerk, who presently opened the door of the private room, inly wondered what important communication it might be that Mr. Clement was poring on so intently.

"What is it, Stephens?" asked Clement, looking up with a start.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Clement; isn't the governor here?"

"No: my father is gone into the country for the day. Do you want him?"

"Why, yes, I did want him. But perhaps you can tell me, Sir, how is it settled about sending some one to see the chief engineer about the extension of the Dublin and Ballyhacket branch line to Dunscorthy? Mr. Charlewood said that some confidential person must run across for a couple of days and see how the thing looks. There's nobody fit for it but myself, and I really don't see how I *can* manage it just now."

Stephens was a trusted and influential personage, and his word went for a good deal in the doings of Gandry and Charlewood.

Clement looked vacantly at him for a moment, and then, suddenly jumping up, exclaimed: "It's all right, Stephens: I'll go myself."

"Will you, Sir?" said Stephens, with an unmistakable look of relief. It was no unprecedented thing for young Charlewood to undertake similar missions. "But," added the clerk, doubtfully, "it'll have to be done at once, Sir, whoever goes."

"I will start this evening. I shall get the night-mail to Holyhead, and be in Dublin to-morrow."

"That'll be famous, Mr. Clement. I'll telegraph to the chief engineer to say you'll meet him yourself."

"All right, Stephens. And be good enough to have a hansom sent for at once. I shall barely have time to put a few things into my portmanteau and drive down to the station before the express goes."

"You don't let the grass grow under *your* feet, Mr. Clem," said the old clerk, approvingly, as he left the room.

"Yes, yes: that is my best course, and best chance," said Clement to himself. "I will see this old lady, and ascertain the real grounds she has for her supposition regarding Mabel. Miss O'Brien speaks highly of her kind heart. She will pardon me when I confide to her the terrible danger that threatens my—my dear friend. At all events, I can not sit here inactive. Something I must do, or I should go mad."

The spruce hansom—and in Hammerham the hansom cabs are peculiarly spruce—rattled up to the door, and Clement jumped briskly in.

"Oh, by-the-by, Stephens," he called out, as he shut the folding doors of the vehicle, "just tell my father, will you, that I—I haven't had time to answer Mr. Jones's letter after all."

CHAPTER XII.

LADY POPHAM AT HOME.

The afternoon sun was already low, and was glancing brightly between the massive tree-boles, and shedding a soft green light through the leaves, when Clement Charlewood drove rapidly up the main avenue leading to Cloncoolin. His equipage was of a most nondescript kind. The vehicle was an outside car, the cushions of which were covered with very ragged and faded blue cloth, and the whole machine showed a long and complete estrangement from mop or brush. It was drawn by a tall, bony, shambling, ill-groomed quadruped, whose harness—which had seen better days—was eked out by ends of old rope and rusty iron buckles. The driver was a little, round-shouldered, bow-legged, talkative old man, whose costume was of an equally incongruous character with the rest of the turn-out. He wore fawn-colored breeches and gaiters, like those of a gentleman's groom, but had no waistcoat over his clean ragged shirt, and his outer garment was a heavy coachman's livery coat, with tarnished buttons, and so preposterously too big for him that he had been obliged to turn the cuffs of the sleeves half-way up his arms, in order to handle his reins. His wizened face, ugly, cunning, and mobile as that of some peculiarly vivacious old monkey—to which animal, indeed, he bore a strong resemblance—was surmounted by a desperately shabby and battered sugar-loaf hat, in the band of which was stuck a well-blackened dudeen.

This personage was the head hostler of the chief inn at Kilclare, and the outside car and the shambling horse equally belonged to that establishment. Clement had come from Ballyhacket by the stage-coach, and, on alighting at the inn, had asked for a vehicle to take him to Lady Popham's house with as little delay as might be.

When, some three-quarters of an hour after the appointed time, the "kyar" was announced as being in readiness, and Clement descended to the inn-yard, he stood aghast at the spectacle of the carriage, horse, and driver that were to convey him to Lady Popham's mansion.

"Do you mean me to go upon that thing?" said he, pointing to it in dismay.

A chorus of stable-helpers, chamber-maid, cook, waiter, and ragged urchins was in attendance, and joined in a voluble assurance that that, and no other, was the vehicle destined to have the honor of conveying his "lordship" to Cloncoolin.

"I—I'm afraid they won't let us in at the lodge gate," said Clement, staring ruefully at the ramshackle old machine, and speaking out with true Hammerham bluntness the thought that was in him.

"Divil doubt 'em," cried Tim Molloney, adjusting his preposterous coat-cuffs, and twinkling his keen monkey-like eyes with a sparkle of indignation. Loud and unanimous support for Tim Molloney from the chorus. "Sorra a fear of that at all, at all," pursued Tim, from his place on the car.

"Is it my lady's lodge-keepers that 'ud be afther refusing to let Mr. Donovan's kyar into Cloncoolin?"

The chorus loftily contemptuous of so wild a supposition.

"Sure don't they all know me, every mother's son of them, these fifteen years?"

The chorus ready to make oath—and making it—that every human being in Lady Popham's employ loved Tim Molloney like a brother.

"And haven't I druv lashins of the quality, the rale ould quality" (with an emphasis sufficient to point the application of the phrase to Clement's disadvantage), "to Cloncoolin behoind Brian Boroo?"

Final and overwhelming burst of enthusiasm on the part of the chorus, in the midst of which

Clement jumped into the car and was driven off with much ungainly shambling and clattering of hoofs on the part of Brian Boroo, and loud crackings of Tim Molloney's whip.

The old hostler triumphantly made good his boast as to the certainty of his admission within the park gates of Cloncoolin, and exchanged familiar greetings with the lodge-keeper and his wife.

As Brian Boroo, being incited to put forth his mettle, dashed up the avenue at a pace which threatened to dislocate the crazy old vehicle altogether, Clement's heart sank a little at the idea of the enterprise he was engaged in.

"I am afraid this lady will consider me guilty of taking a great liberty," thought he; and Clement, in his shyness, shrank from the prospect of the coming interview. But after all what did it matter? If he could only ascertain the truth respecting Mabel, and be the means of averting misery and ruin from her, it signified very little what Lady Popham's opinion of him might be.

The footman, in answer to Clement's inquiries, said that her ladyship was at home, but that he could not affirm positively that she was disengaged; if the gentleman would be kind enough to send in his name he would ascertain if her ladyship could receive him.

"Your mistress does not know me personally," said Clement, "but take my card to her, and say with my best compliments that I have come some distance expressly to see her, that my time here is limited, and that I should esteem it a great favor if she would grant me an interview to-day."

The servant showed Clement across a spacious hall, covered with large richly-framed oil-paintings—most of them very coarsely executed—and into a small room on the ground-floor, where he begged him to wait while he delivered the message.

There were drawings on the walls here, too, of no higher merit than the paintings in the hall, and over the chimney-piece hung a large portrait representing a handsome but effeminate-looking man, dressed in the costume of the days of the Regency.

In a few minutes the servant returned very hurriedly.

"My lady's compliments, Sir," said he, "and will you please to walk up stairs directly?"

The man led the way up a noble old oak-staircase, black and shiny as ebony, then through a long suit of shady rooms, rich with satin, velvet, and gilding, until they came to a small octagonal apartment fitted up as a lady's boudoir; and here, in one corner of a wide couch, sat a tiny old woman, clad in long rustling robes of violet silk, and with a gorgeous cobweb of antique lace hanging from the back of her jet-black wig.

On Clement's entrance the tiny old woman sprang off the couch with unexpected alacrity, and, clasping her hands, cried in a high, shrill voice, "For God's sake don't *prepare* me!"

Clement stood stock-still in dumb surprise.

"Don't *prepare* me!" repeated her ladyship, in great agitation. "There's nothing so dreadful as being prepared in that way. If any thing terrible has happened out with it at once."

"I assure you, on my honor," said Clement, earnestly, and still very much bewildered, "that nothing terrible has happened, and that you have no cause for apprehension."

Lady Popham fell back on the sofa with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I made up my mind that you had come to tell me Geraldine was dead," she whimpered.

"I am shocked beyond measure to have alarmed you thus," said Clement. But in his heart he was considerably relieved by this explanation of the little old lady's extraordinary behavior, for he had at the first moment entertained considerable doubts of her sanity.

"I came prepared to offer many apologies for my intrusion, Lady Popham," he said, "but I never thought of the possibility of your being so startled by my arrival."

"Of course not," said Lady Popham, wiping her eyes, and smiling quite cheerfully. "You couldn't be expected to know what an excitable, fluttering creature I am. Always was from a child. An aspen-leaf, moved with a breath. They used to call me an April sky at home. Clouds and sunshine, smiles and tears. There isn't an ounce of your terrible British sang froid in my composition. But I really beg your pardon, Mr. Charlewood. Luke, place a chair for Mr. Charlewood, and go away, and don't let me hear the creak of your shoes in the corridor."

When the servant had left the room her ladyship raised her eye-glass and surveyed Clement steadily for a few seconds, and then—apparently well satisfied with the result of her inspection—skipped up to him with the queerest little mincing gait imaginable, and holding out her lean, withered, white little hand, all ablaze with diamonds, shook his heartily.

"Welcome to Cloncoolin, Mr. Clement Charlewood," said she, and made him a low, sweeping courtesy.

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken, Lady Popham—"

"Liberty? Not at all. Since my dear Geraldine's first cousin is going to marry a member of your family—"

"My sister."

"Your sister? Really! Well then, you see, you and I are almost relations, ain't we?"

"Your ladyship is very good, but—"

"But? Now that 'but' is very uncivil. Surely you won't refuse to call cousins with me? But perhaps you'd have no objection to allow Geraldine's claim, though you don't want an old woman like me for a cousin. Aha, Mr. Clement!" And the old lady nodded and showed her double range of false teeth with surprising archness.

At another time Clement might perhaps have been amused by her ladyship's oddities. But his heart was now too full of anxiety and apprehension to allow him to think of any thing but the one object of his visit. Lady Popham having quite recovered from her fright, and being assured of Miss O'Brien's perfect health and safety, became so brisk and vivacious, and chatted away so incessantly, that Clement began to fear the time would slip by and the interview come to an end before he could approach the subject on which he desired to speak. Lady Popham asked if he were fond of pictures, and without waiting for a reply, began an extravagant eulogy on some in her own possession, the work of an unappreciated genius, whom she had patronized in Naples, but whom the world had steadily refused to crown as the modern Titian. Then she proceeded to speak of sculpture, and insisted on taking Clement into the great drawing-room to show him a marble bust of her late husband, executed by another of her artistic protégés, and which she pronounced to be a marvelous likeness. "You saw Sir Bernard's portrait in the little blue room down stairs?" said Lady Popham. "That was taken many years previous to this. And, do you know, Mr. Charlewood, what I have done? The fashion of wearing mustaches was not so general when Sir Bernard was living as it has become since. Now I adore mustaches. So manly, so distingué, and I *know* they would have been most becoming to him. So, about two years before I left Italy, I made them put on a pair of mustaches—cleverly done in plaster—to this bust, and there they are, as you see. The effect is very good, I think."

Whatever might have been thought of the effect, the fact was undoubted. There were the luxuriant plaster mustaches affixed to the upper lip of the marble face. And her ladyship stood contemplating the bust with perfect satisfaction and approval.

Clement was on thorns as the eccentric little woman skipped and rustled about the room, pointing out this and that chef-d'œuvre of art, and talking incessantly.

At last, being reduced almost to desperation, he stopped her in the full flow of her discourse, and representing that his time at Kilclare was necessarily limited, begged that she would do him the favor of allowing him to speak on the business which had brought him to Cloncoolin.

Lady Popham immediately assumed an attentive face, and, seating herself once more on the couch in her boudoir, desired him to speak.

"It is difficult, Lady Popham, because I feel that I have no right to trouble you on the subject. But I must crave your indulgence, and ask you to accept my strong anxiety on this matter as some excuse."

Lady Popham waved her hand with a courteous gesture, implying that no excuse was needed. And Clement went on rapidly.

"The day before yesterday Miss O'Brien received a letter from your ladyship."

"No doubt she did. I wrote her a long letter after having neglected her for some time."

"A portion of that letter Miss O'Brien read aloud at our luncheon-table."

A faint color—called up, perhaps, by some recollection of the "bricks-and-mortar people," and sundry similar phrases—flushed Lady Popham's withered cheek. But she said nothing, and merely eyed Clement curiously.

"Among other matters mention was made of a very dear friend of mine. One whose welfare I am bound to care for as far as I am able. And the mention of that friend was such as to distress me a good deal."

"Really? I am very sorry," murmured Lady Popham, looking steadily at Clement through her glass.

"From all I have heard of you from your god-daughter, Lady Popham, I was emboldened to hope that under the circumstances of the case you would overlook the conventional impropriety of my taking the step I have taken, and coming to speak to you in person."

Her ladyship nodded approvingly. "I'm very glad," she said, "that Geraldine knows me so well."

"To be brief, then," continued Clement, "you have shown some kindness to a young violinist named Alfred Trescott—"

"Alfred Trescott!" said the little woman, jumping up and clapping her hands enthusiastically. "Oh, he is the divinest creature! And has a genius for music, comme il y en a peu. And is he really a dear friend of yours? I am so charmed! But what could possibly have distressed you in my mention of him?"

"No, no," said Clement, almost savagely, "he is no friend of mine, Lady Popham. And, in truth, I have no reason to think well of him in any way. But you spoke also of a young a—a—actress."

He brought out the word with a jerk, and as if its very utterance were painful to him.

"Oh, to be sure, Miss Bell. She went to Dublin a fortnight ago at the close of the season. A very charming, interesting girl. Is *she* your very dear friend, Mr. Charlewood?"

Clement colored deeply, but answered at once, in a firm voice: "Yes, Lady Popham, that young lady, whom you call Miss Bell, is a very dear and valued friend of mine. I know and esteem her mother—who is, I assure you, an excellent person, and a thorough gentlewoman—and I have been placed by—by circumstances in a position with regard to them both, that warrants my asking you in confidence if there is any solid foundation for the insinuation you jestingly threw out with regard to Mr. Alfred Trescott and—this young lady?"

"Now, really, really, my dear Mr. Charlewood," said her ladyship, tapping his arm playfully with the handle of a large green fan that lay beside her, "I begin to be afraid that you have some intention of troubling that course of true love which is said never yet to have run smooth!"

"Good Heavens! Lady Popham, you don't mean to say—"

"Oh, Dio guardi! I don't mean to say any thing about the lady—that is to say, I have no right to do so. None in the world. But, I dare say, my young Orpheus—who is positively enchanting—wouldn't mind my admitting on his part that he is over head and ears in love with Miss Bell. And small blame to him, as they say here."

"But she—you don't believe for a moment that she thinks of him?"

Clement's forehead was knotted into an expression of intense suffering, and he was evidently struggling hard to master some violent emotion.

But Lady Popham, who thoroughly enjoyed the romance she had conjured up, went on rapturously to praise Miss Bell's beauty, and talent, and grace, and Alfred Trescott's picturesque appearance and musical genius, and to exclaim sentimentally what a charming couple they would make, until Clement was nearly beside himself.

"Lady Popham," he cried, desperately, "if you could only know, as I do, the real character of this young man, you would shrink with horror from the idea of encouraging such an alliance for one moment!"

"I beg you to understand, Mr. Clement Charlewood," said the old lady, drawing herself up, "that you are very much mistaken when you do me the honor to suppose that I have been instrumental in 'encouraging,' as you call it, any thing of the kind."

"I sincerely beg your pardon if I have said any thing offensive, but this matter touches me so nearly that I can not stay to choose my words. I tell you, Lady Popham, that this young Trescott is selfish, idle, unprincipled, and a gambler. His associates and his habits are low, and vile, and vulgar. A union between such a fellow as I know this young man to be, and the lady we are speaking of, would be in every respect a wretched and most ill-assorted union."

Lady Popham tapped her foot impatiently on the ground. She was terribly annoyed. Her ladyship had been so long accustomed to give free scope to all her whims and fancies, and had plunged headlong into so violent an infatuation for her new protégé—boasting of his talents to all her acquaintance—that to be told in this rough, blunt way that the young man whom she had admired and petted and received into her house was "low, and vile, and vulgar," was quite intolerable.

"Really, Mr. Charlewood," she said, sharply, "you are making very serious and disgraceful accusations against my young friend. You know best what your motive may be for so doing, but at least you should be prepared to find them received with some degree of—of hesitation, at all events."

Clement started as if he had been struck. Secure in the honesty of his own purpose, and in his knowledge of Alfred Trescott's character, it had never occurred to him that any one could possibly doubt either.

"Lady Popham," he began, greatly agitated, "if I could only explain to you—"

"Besides which," went on the old lady, heedless of his interruption—"besides which, it appears to me that all this fuss on your part is highly unnecessary. The young lady has, you tell me, a mother in every way qualified to take care of her; and she is at present under the guardianship of her aunt, a woman, as every one here will tell you, of irreproachable character."

"Thank God for that!" murmured poor Clement.

"In short, there is but one circumstance which, in my opinion, could justify your conduct. If you tell me that you yourself are engaged to Miss Bell—"

"I am not engaged to her," answered Clement, in a low voice.

"Then you must excuse me for saying that I do not recognize your right to interfere."

Clement arose with a deep sigh and stood before her. "If I could have known beforehand, Lady Popham," said he, with an unaffected simplicity of sorrow, which the old gentlewoman's ear was of sufficiently fine fibre to appreciate, "if I could but have known how worse than useless my visit would prove, owing partly to my own want of tact and grace, you would have been spared this intrusion, and I some mortification and disappointment."

The impulsive little woman, whose moods were as uncontrolled and vehement as those of a child, and but little more deep and lasting, sprang to her feet and seized his hand.

"Now, my dear Mr. Charlewood," said she, "don't think of going in this way. Don't, I beg of you. Do me the great favor and honor to remain here to dinner, and let me send to Kilclare for your portmanteau, and stay at Cloncoolin to-night. Geraldine will never forgive me if she thinks I have shown any want of hospitality to a member of your family, under whose roof, she tells me, she is spending such pleasant days. You see I am pleading quite selfishly." And Lady Popham bent her head, and looked up at him out of her bright sunken eyes with a little coquettish glance that seemed to conjure up the pale ghost of her forgotten girlhood.

Clement's feelings, however, were neither so fleeting nor so superficial as her eccentric ladyship, and he had got a wound which his pride and his love alike impelled him to bear in silence. He therefore excused himself with what grace he could, but with a fixed determination, against which Lady Popham's flattering, eager words beat their light wings in vain.

As he drove down the avenue again, now barred with long blue shadows and golden ingots of yellow evening sunshine, a gentleman with two magnificent Irish setters at his heels sauntered slowly by him toward the house.

"I should know that face, surely," thought Clement, feeling conscious at the same time that the said face had no pleasant associations connected with it in his mind.

"Who is that gentleman?" he asked of the driver. "Do you know him?"

"Is it the Captain?" said Tim Molloney, contemptuously; for he had not quite forgiven the Englishman's doubt as to Mr. Donovan's "kyar" being admitted into Cloncoolin. "Do I know the Captain? Faith, an' I do that same. Sure, he's my lady's great nephew. Her brother's daughter's second son. The Honorable Arthur Skidley, no less, on lave from Doblin, an' a foine high-spirited, affable gentleman he is."

"Arthur Skidley?"

"The Honorable Arthur Skidley," repeated Tim. "Does your Honor know him?"

"No," said Clement, brusquely.

"Oh!" ejaculated Tim; and plying his whip smartly he started Brian Boroo at a pace that brought them clattering and shambling into Kilclare before sunset.

"Oh, Mabel," thought Clement, looking out from the window of the poor inn upon the blue line of mountains wherein the silver Clare had its source, and behind which the great fire of sunset was slowly dying—"Mabel, Mabel, the hope of my life is fading, even as the redness fades out of the sky, and its last gleam only serves to show me what I lose, and to make the coming night more blank and cheerless."

HEAD AND HEART.

"Heart," quoth Head, "thou'rt ever fretting,
Panting evermore,
Beating like a netted linnet
'Gainst its prison door.
Say, how can I give thee quiet,
All thy troubles say,
For this never-ceasing riot
Wears my peace away."

"Head," said Heart, "I'm very weary,
Living all alone,
Dwelling, like a sculptur'd maiden,
In a vault of stone.
Choose me some heart that will listen
To love's gentle lore;
Laugh and weep with, aye be near me,
Leave me nevermore."

"Heart," said Head, "I've cast about me,
Guessing at thy state,
Ransacked all the world of maidens
For thy fitting mate.
And, like hawk in air, I circle,
Watching how the shrike
Fears his victim, while I hover,
Doubtful where to strike.

"Now 'tis dark-eyed Leonora
I would win for thee,
Now 'tis thought of light-eyed Alice
Softly stirs in me.
So, like Mohammed, I waver
In the realm of love;
Shall I cage the soaring eagle,
Or the gentle dove?

"Juno-like is Leonora
In her haughty mien,
Flashing pride, and scorn and passion
Like the Ethiop queen.
Queen is she by beauty's birth-right,
Cold as distant star,
Conqueror-like, with trains of captives
Following her car.

"But the simple-nurtur'd Alice
Comes like summer morn,
With a zephyr herald stirring
Fields of bladed corn.
Dewy-fresh, with softened sunlight
In her guileless eye,
Trustful, truthful, daisy-natur'd
Born to love or die."

"Head," said Heart, "with Leonora
Pain would come, and grief,
Pride and coldness soon would sere me
Like a winter leaf.
But with Alice twined about me
All my woes would cease,
And a wall of trouble never-
More should cloud my peace."

PARASITE ANIMALS.

No place in the wide domain of creation is tenantless except the fire; and Mr. Coxe, an enthusiastic scholar in natural history, about fifteen years ago announced the discovery of troops of insect formations in the very midst of burning coals. But as no one but the first discoverer ever saw them his observations could not be verified, and Mr. Coxe's reputation died a natural death. However, variously organized beings have been found in almost all of the different organs of man and beast—in the full enjoyment of unrestrained liberty in the livers of elephants, in the brains of sheep, in the kidneys of the musk-rat, in the eye of a horse, and, lastly, the *trichina spiralis* in the muscles of men and women. These last have been so carefully studied that it is a settled point they are introduced into the system by eating diseased pork. Their rapid multiplication from a few to millions is a matter of profound astonishment. And how they traverse through the solid flesh, first passing through the walls of the stomach, can not be clearly explained upon any known principles in science. But how an egg, which gives out an active, swimming worm, gets into the eye of a horse, the only place in all nature perhaps where it would hatch, defies the universities to illustrate. A horse was on exhibition a few years since in one eye of which the parasite was distinctly seen through the transparent cornea, swimming about in the clear aqueous humor as though it had sea-room for fantastic displays. Where the perfect insect resides which produces the egg is still as much of a puzzle as it was to the Indian boy who asked his brave father what became of the old moon when the new one appeared.

A PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.

THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND.—[Drawn by Ben Day, Jun.]

THE STEPPING-STONES.

By JEAN INGELOW.

THE racing river leapt, and sang
 Full blithely in the perfect weather;
All round the mountain echoes rang,
 For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,
 And that with songs of joy was thrilling;
But in the hollow of my heart
 There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
 And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
 And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
 The cushat's note, the bee's low humming;
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—
 How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the nighest stone,
 Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown
 Beyond the accustomed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
 Yet me she waited all unweeting;
We thought not I had crossed the sea
 And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
 I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms, and set
 Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
 Ah! still, methinks, I hear them calling;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
 The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,
 But now possession crowns endeavor;
I took her in my heart, to grow
 And fill the hollow place forever.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

CHAPTER I.

"IN YOUR PATIENCE YE ARE STRONG."

MISS HALLIDAY returned to the Gothic villa at Bayswater with a bloom on her cheeks, and a brightness in her eyes, which surpassed her wonted bloom and brightness, fair and bright as her beauty had been from the hour in which she was created to charm mankind. She had been a creature to adore even in the first dawn of infancy, and in her christening-hood and toga of white satin had been a being to dream of. But now she seemed invested all at once with a new loveliness—more spiritual, more pensive than the old.

Might not Valentine have cried, with the rapturous pride of a lover: "Look at the woman here with the new soul!" and anon: "This new soul is mine!"

It was love that had imparted a new charm to Miss Halliday's beauty. Diana wondered at the subtle change as her friend sat in her favorite window on the morning after her return, looking dreamily out into the blossomless garden, where evergreens of the darkest and spikiest character stood up stern and straight against the cold gray atmosphere.

Diana had welcomed her friend in her usual reserved manner, much to Charlotte's discomfiture. The girl so yearned for a confidante. She had no idea of hiding her happiness from this chosen friend, and waited eagerly for the moment in which she could put her arms round Diana's neck and tell her what it was that had made Newhall so sweet to her during this particular visit.

She sat in the window this morning thinking of Valentine, and languishing to speak of him, but at a loss how to begin. There are some people about whose necks the arms of affection can scarce entwine themselves. Diana Paget sat at her eternal embroidery-frame, picking up beads on her needle with the precision of some self-feeding machine. The little glass beads made a hard clicking sound as they dropped from her needle—a very frosty, unpromising sound, as it seemed, to Charlotte's hyper-sensitive ear.

There had been an unwonted reserve between the girls since Charlotte's return—a reserve which arose, on Miss Halliday's part, from the contest between girlish shyness and the eager desire for a confidante; and on the part of Miss Paget, from that gloomy discontent which had of late possessed her.

She watched Charlotte furtively as she picked up her beads—watched her with wondering eyes, unable to comprehend the happiness that gave such spiritual brightness to her eyes. It was not the old gayety of heart which had made Miss Halliday's girlhood so pleasant. It was the thoughtful, serene delight of womanhood.

"She can care very little for Valentine," Diana thought, "or she could scarcely seem so happy after such a long separation. I doubt if these bewitching women who enchant all the world know what it is to feel deeply. Happiness is a habit with this girl. Valentine's attentions were very pleasant to her. The pretty little romance was very agreeable while it lasted; but at the first interruption of the story she shuts the book and thinks of it no more. Oh, if my Creator had made *me* like that! If I could forget the days we spent together, and the dream I dreamed!"

That never-to-be-forgotten vision came back to Diana Paget as she sat at her work; and for a few minutes the clicking sound of the beads ceased, while she waited with clasped hands until the shadows should have passed before her eyes. The old dream came back to her like a picture, bright with color and light. But the airy habitation which she had built for herself of old was no "palace lifting to Italian heavens its marble roof." It was only a commonplace lodging in a street running out of the Strand, with just a peep of the river from a trim little balcony. An airy second-floor sitting-room, with engraved portraits of the great writers on the newly-papered walls: on one side an office-desk, on the other a worktable. The unpretending shelter of a newspaper hack, who lives *à jour la journée*, and whose wife must achieve wonders in the way of domestic economy in order to eke out his modest earnings.

This was Diana Paget's vision of Paradise, and it seemed only the brighter now that she felt it was never to be any thing more than a supernal picture painted on her brain.

After sitting silent for some little time, eager to talk, but waiting to be interrogated, Charlotte was fain to break silence.

"You don't ask me whether I enjoyed myself in Yorkshire, Di," she said, looking shyly down at the little bunch of charms and lockets which employed her restless fingers.

"Didn't I, really?" replied Diana, languidly; "I thought that was one of the stereotyped inquiries one always made."

"I hope you wouldn't make stereotyped inquiries of *me*, Diana."

"No, I ought not to do so. But I think there are times when one is artificial even with one's best friends. And you are my best friend, Charlotte. I may as well say my only friend," the girl added, with a laugh.

"Diana," cried Charlotte, reproachfully, "why do you speak so bitterly? You know how dearly I love you. I do indeed, dear. There is scarcely any thing in this world I would not do for you. But I am not your only friend. There is Mr. Hawkehurst, whom you have known so long."

Miss Halliday's face was in a flame; and although she bent very low to examine the golden trumpery hanging to her watch-chain she could not conceal her blushes from the eyes that were so sharpened by jealousy.

"Mr. Hawkehurst!" cried Diana, with unspeakable contempt. "If I were drowning, do you think *he* would stretch out his hand to save me while you were within his sight? When he comes to this house—he who has seen so much poverty, and misery, and shame, and—happiness with me and mine—do you think he so much as remembers my existence? Do you think he ever stops to consider whether I am that Diana Paget who was once his friend and confidante and fellow-wayfarer and companion? or only a lay figure dressed up to fill a vacant chair in your drawing-room?"

"Diana!"

"It is all very well to look at me reproachfully, Charlotte. You must know that I am speaking the truth. You talk of friendship. What is that word worth if it does not mean care and thought for another? Do you imagine that Valentine Hawkehurst ever thinks of me, or considers me?"

Charlotte was fain to keep silence. She remembered how very rarely in all those long afternoons at Newhall farm the name of Diana Paget had been mentioned. She remembered how, when she and Valentine were mapping out the future so pleasantly, she had stopped in the midst of an eloquent bit of word-painting descriptive of the little suburban cottage they were to live in, to dispose of Diana's fate in a sentence:

"And dear Di can stop at the Villa to take care of mamma," she had said; whereupon Mr. Hawkehurst had assented with a careless nod, and the description of the ideal cottage had been continued.

Charlotte remembered this now with extreme contrition. She had been so supremely happy, and so selfish in her happiness.

"Oh, Di," she cried, "how selfish happy people are!" And then she stopped in confusion, perceiving that the remark had little relevance to Diana's last observation.

"Valentine shall be your friend, dear," she said, after a pause.

"Oh, you are beginning to answer for him already!" exclaimed Miss Paget, with increasing bitterness.

"Diana, why are you so unkind to me?" Charlotte cried, passionately. "Don't you see that I am longing to confide in you? What is it that makes you so bitter? You must know how truly I love you. And if Mr. Hawkehurst is not what he once was to you, you must remember how cold and distant you always are in your manner to him. I am sure, to hear you speak to him, and to see you look at him sometimes, one would think he was positively hateful to you. And I want you to like him a little for my sake."

Miss Halliday left her seat by the window as she said this, and went toward the table by which her friend was sitting. She crept close to Diana, and with a half-frightened, half-caressing movement, seated herself on the low ottoman at her feet, and, seated thus, possessed herself of Miss Paget's cold hand.

"I want you to like Mr. Hawkehurst a little, Di," she repeated, "for my sake."

"Very well, I will try to like him a little for your sake," answered Miss Paget, in a very unsympathetic tone.

"Oh, Di! tell me how it was he offended you."

"Who told you that he offended me?"

"Your own manner, dear. You could never have been so cold and distant with him, having known him so long, and endured so many troubles in his company, if you had not been deeply offended by him."

"That is your idea, Charlotte; but you see I am very unlike you. I am fitful and capricious. I used to like Mr. Hawkehurst, and now I dislike him. As to offense, his whole life has offended me; just as my father's life has offended me from first to last. I am not good, and amiable, and loving like you; but I hate deceptions and lies—above all, the lies that some men traffic in day after day."

"Was Valentine's—was your father's life a very bad one?" Charlotte asked, trembling palpably, and looking up at Miss Paget's face with anxious eyes.

"Yes, it was a mean, false life; a life of trick and artifice. I do not know the details of the schemes by which my father and Valentine earned their daily bread, and my daily bread, but I know they inflicted loss upon other people. Whether the wrong done was always done deliberately and consciously upon Valentine's part I can not say. He may have been only a tool of my father's. I hope he was, for the most part, an unconscious tool."

She said all this in a dreamy way, as if uttering her own thoughts rather than seeking to enlighten Charlotte.

"I am sure he was an unconscious tool," cried that young lady, with an air of conviction; "it is not in his nature to do any thing false or dishonorable."

"Indeed! you know him very well, it seems," said Diana.

Ah, what a tempest was raging in that proud, passionate heart! what a strife between the powers of good and evil! Pitying love for Charlotte; tender compassion for her rival's childlike helplessness; and unutterable sense of her own loss.

She had loved him so dearly, and he was taken from her. There had been a time when he almost loved her—almost! Yes, it was the remembrance of that which made the trial so bitter. The cup had approached her lips only to be dashed away forever.

"What did I ask in life except his love?" she said to herself. "Of all the pleasures and triumphs which girls of my age enjoy, is there one that I ever envied? No, I only sighed for his love. To live in a lodging-house parlor with him, to sit by and watch him at his work, to drudge for him, to bear with him—this was my brightest dream of earthly bliss; and she has broken it!"

It was thus Diana argued with herself, as she sat looking down at the bright creature who had done her this worst, last wrong which one woman can do to another. This passionate heart, which ached with such cruel pain, was prone to evil, and to-day the scorpion Jealousy was digging his sharp tooth into its very core. It was not possible for Diana Paget to feel kindly disposed toward the girl whose unconscious hand had shattered the airy castle of her dreams. Was it not a hard thing that the bright creature, whom every one was ready to adore, must needs steal away this one heart?

"It has always been like this," thought Diana. "The story of David and Nathan is a parable that is perpetually being illustrated. David is so rich—he is lord of incalculable flocks and herds; but he will not be content till he has stolen the one little ewe lamb, the poor man's pet and darling."

"Diana," said Miss Halliday, very softly, "you are so difficult to talk to this morning, and I have so much to say to you."

"About your visit, or about Mr. Hawkehurst?"

"About—Yorkshire," answered Charlotte, with the air of a shy child who has made her appearance at dessert, and is asked whether she will have a pear or a peach.

"About Yorkshire!" repeated Miss Paget, with a little sigh of relief. "I shall be very glad to hear about your Yorkshire friends. Was the visit a pleasant one?"

"Very, very pleasant!" answered Charlotte, dwelling tenderly on the words.

"How sentimental you have grown, Lotta! I think you must have found a forgotten shelf of Minerva Press novels in some cupboard at your aunt's. You have lost all your vivacity."

"Have I?" murmured Charlotte; "and yet I am happier than I was when I went away. Whom do you think I met at Newhall, Di?"

"I have not the slightest idea. My notions of Yorkshire are very vague. I fancy the people amiable savages; just a little in advance of the ancient Britons whom Julius Cæsar came over to conquer. Who did you meet there? Some country squire, I suppose, who fell in love with your bright eyes, and wished you to waste the rest of your existence in those Northern wilds."

Miss Paget was not a woman to bare her wounds for the scrutiny of the friendliest eyes. Let the tooth of the serpent bite never so keenly, she could meet her sorrows with a bold front. She was not accustomed to suffer—she, the scape-goat of defrauded nurses and indignant landladies, the dependent and drudge of her kinswoman's gynæceum, the despised of her father? The flavor of these waters was very familiar to her lips. The draught was only a little more acrid, a little deeper, and habit had enabled her to drain the cup without complaining, if not in a spirit of resignation. To-day she had been betrayed into a brief outbreak of passion; but the storm had passed, and a more observant person than Charlotte might have been deceived by her manner.

"Now you are my own Di again," cried Miss Halliday; "somewhat cynical at the best of times, but always candid and true."

Miss Paget winced ever so little as her friend said this.

"No, dear," continued Charlotte, with the faintest spice of coquetry; "it was not a Yorkshire squire. It was a person you know very well; a person we have been talking of this morning. Oh, Di, you must surely have understood me when I said I wanted you to like him for my sake!"

"Valentine Hawkehurst!" exclaimed Diana.

"Who else, you dear, obtuse Di!"

"He was in Yorkshire?"

"Yes, dear. It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened. He marched up to Newhall gate one morning in the course of his rambles, without having the least idea that I was to be found in the neighborhood. Wasn't it wonderful?"

"What could have taken him to Yorkshire?"

"He came on business."

"But what business?"

"How do I know? Some business of papa's, or of George Sheldon's, perhaps. And yet that can't be. He is writing a book, I think, about geology or archæology—yes, that's it, archæology."

"Valentine Hawkehurst writing a book on archæology!" cried Miss Paget. "You must be dreaming, Charlotte."

"Why so? He does write, does he not?"

"He has been reporter for a newspaper. But he is the last person to write about archæology. I think there must be some mistake."

"Well, dear, it may be so. I didn't pay much attention to what he said about business. It seemed so strange for him to be there, just as much at home as if he had been one of the family. Oh, Di, you can't imagine how kind aunt Dorothy and uncle Joe were to him! They like him so much—and they know we are engaged."

Miss Halliday said these last words almost in a whisper.

"What!" exclaimed Diana, "do you mean to say that you have promised to marry this man, of whom you know nothing but what is unfavorable?"

"What do I know in his disfavor? Ah, Diana, how unkind you are! and what a dislike you must have for poor Valentine! Of course, I know he is not what people call a good match. A good match means that one is to have a pair of horses, whose health is so uncertain that I am sure their lives must be a burden to them, if we may judge by our horses; and a great many servants, who are always conducting themselves in the most awful manner, if poor mamma's experience is any criterion; and a big expensive house, which nobody can be prevailed on to dust. No, Di; *that* is just the kind of life I hate. What I should like is a dear little cottage at Highgate or Wimbledon, and a tiny, tiny garden, in which Valentine and I could walk every morning before he began his day's work, and where we could drink tea together on summer evenings—a garden just large enough to grow a few rose-bushes. Oh, Di! do you think I want to marry a rich man?"

"No, Charlotte; but I should think you would like to marry a good man."

"Valentine is good. No one but a good man could have been so happy as he seemed at Newhall farm. That simple country life could not have been happiness for a bad man."

"And was Valentine Hawkehurst really happy at Newhall?"

"Really—really—really! Don't try to shake my faith in him, Diana; it is not to be shaken. He has told me a little about the past, though I can see that it pains him very much to speak of it. He has told me of his friendless youth, spent among unprincipled people, and what a mere waif and stray he was until he met me. And I am to be his pole-star, dear, to guide him in the right path. Do you know, Di, I can not picture to myself any thing sweeter than that—to be a good influence for the person one loves. Valentine says his whole nature has undergone a change since he has known me. What am I that I should work so good a change in my dear one? It is very foolish, is it not, Di?"

"Yes, Charlotte," replied the voice of reason from the lips of Miss Paget, "it is all foolishness from beginning to end, and I can foresee nothing but trouble as the result of such folly. What will your mamma say to such an engagement? or what will Mr. Sheldon say?"

"Yes, that is the question," returned Charlotte, very seriously. "Dear mamma is one of the kindest creatures in the world, and I'm sure she would consent to any thing rather than see me unhappy. And then, you know, she likes Valentine very much, because he has given her orders for the theatres, and all that kind of thing. But, whatever mamma thinks, she will be governed by what Mr. Sheldon thinks; and of course he will be against our marriage."

"Our marriage!" It was a settled matter, then—a thing that was to be sooner or later; and there remained only the question as to how and when it was to be. Diana sat like a statue, enduring her pain. So may have suffered the Christian martyrs in their death-agony; so suffers a woman when the one dear hope of her life is reft from her, and she dare not cry aloud.

"Mr. Sheldon is the last man in the world to permit such a marriage," she said presently.

"Perhaps," replied Charlotte; "but I am not going to sacrifice Valentine for Mr. Sheldon's pleasure. Mr. Sheldon has full power over mamma and her fortune, but he has no real authority where I am concerned. I am as free as air, Diana, and I have not a penny in the world. Is not that delightful?"

The girl asked this question in all good faith, looking up at her friend with a radiant countenance. What irony there was in the question for Diana Paget, whose whole existence had been poisoned by the lack of that sterling coin of the realm which seemed such sordid dross in the eyes of Charlotte!

"What do you mean, Charlotte?"

"I mean that even his worst enemies can not accuse Valentine of any mercenary feeling. He does not ask me to marry him for the sake of my fortune."

"Does he know your real position?"

"Most fully. And now, Diana, tell me that you will try to like him for my sake; and that

you will be kind, and will speak a good word for me to mamma by-and-by when I have told her all."

"When do you mean to tell her?"

"Directly, or almost directly. I scarcely know how to set about it. I am sure it has been hard enough to tell you."

"My poor Charlotte! What an ungrateful wretch I must be!"

"My dear Diana, you have no reason to be grateful. I love you very dearly, and I could not live in this house without you. It is I who have reason to be grateful when I remember how you bear with mamma's fidgety ways, and with Mr. Sheldon's gloomy temper, and all for love of me."

"Yes, Lotta, for love of you," Miss Paget answered with a sigh; "and I will do more than that for love of you."

She had her arm round her happy rival's beautiful head, and she was looking down at the sweet upturned face with supreme tenderness. She felt no anger against this fair enslaver, who had robbed her of her little ewe lamb. She only felt some touch of anger against the Providence which had decreed that the lamb should be so taken.

No suspicion of her friend's secret entered Charlotte Halliday's mind. In all their intercourse Diana had spoken very little of Valentine; and in the little she had said there had been always the same half-bitter, half-disdainful tone. Charlotte in her simple candor accepted this tone as the evidence of Miss Paget's aversion to her father's protégé.

"Poor Di does not like to see her father give so much of his friendship to a stranger while she is neglected," thought Miss Halliday; and having once jumped at this conclusion, she made no further effort to penetrate the mysteries of Diana's mind.

She was less than ever inclined to speculation about Diana's feelings now that she was in love, and blessed with the sweet consciousness that her love was returned. Tender and affectionate as she was, she could not quite escape that taint of egotism which is the ruling vice of fortunate lovers. Her mind was not wide enough to hold much more than that one image, which demanded so much space.

AFTER DEATH.

The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say:
"Poor child, poor child!" and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:
He did not love me living; but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

BULLET MARKS.

I had a sort of second cousin, Gerald Ashton, who had been brought up with myself and my sister, my father being his guardian.

We had all been like brothers and sister, when one day he woke up to find he could not live without a nearer relationship to her. He spoke to the old gentleman, and there was a little family fracas.

He had only a hundred a year, and my father did not think that was enough, though Gerald did; there was no objection at all in other respects—let him earn some more and they would see—wait a little—you know the kind of thing an old gentleman would say. Well, it was of no use. He said he felt himself a burden; there was no scope for his energies, and he would go—and go he did.

I urged upon him that he should get something to do. He had been well educated, and a clerkship, or something of the kind, could be got for him if he still resolved not to go on at the hospital.

No—he would go. There was only one thing he did do well, that was shoot; and he would carry his abilities to a market where they would be appreciated. And so, at the mature age of twenty-two, he left us, his profession, his home, and his prospects.

He disappeared, and six months after we heard he was with the 40th Dragoons, in India.

We wrote and offered to buy his discharge, but he would "have none of us." He liked it very well; was already corporal; expected the three stripes soon; and was "Gentleman Jack" with his comrades.

Some six months after this I was sent out to India with a company; and as my sister was getting thin, and showing other signs of the desirability of a sea-voyage, and of a warm climate, it was agreed I should take her over.

We reached Calcutta, and in a few weeks settled down.

There was war going on, and I was placed in charge of one of the chief dépôts for small-arms and ammunition, besides having my regular duties with the company.

One day I was down at the store, when my sister arrived, pale and breathless.

"Look, Charles, poor Gerald's in dreadful trouble."

I put her into an office chair, and took the newspaper, and read:

"Yesterday evening as an officer of the 40th Dragoon Guards was returning to camp he was shot at from behind a clump of bushes; the bullet struck him in the thigh and lodged in the saddle. Although wounded so severely he had sufficient presence of mind to ride straight to the bushes, and there found one of his own men, a corporal of the troop, nicknamed 'Gentleman Jack' by his comrades, whose rifle was still smoking from the discharge. Fortunately, at this moment, the guard arrived, and the man was at once arrested. A court-martial will, of course, be held at once, and, although the man has previously borne a good character and is reported to be respectably connected, it is to be hoped he will receive the proper reward for so abominable a crime."

"Oh," I said, "this is all nonsense. Gerald's no murderer, or else he's very much changed. I'll see what they say at head-quarters."

"Do, for God's sake, go! If any thing happened to Gerald I should never forgive myself, for if I had run away with him when papa was so cruel he never would have enlisted at all."

"Don't talk nonsense, Maggie, but go home, and I'll come with the telegraph news."

I went to head-quarters; they gave me permission to use the telegraph for a question or two. The report was not encouraging.

It was our Gerald—the officer had seen the flash and heard the report—an extremely loud report, as if there had been two charges of powder in the carbine.

The bullet was found in the saddle, and one cartridge was missing from his twenty rounds. Court-martial had declared him guilty, and the general's confirmation of the sentence had just arrived. Fifty lashes in the camp-square, and four years' imprisonment in the civil jail. Sentence to be carried out on the 12th. Every body very sorry, but quite convinced he had tried to murder his superior officer. No one could understand with what motive.

I did not know what to think; there was more evidence forthcoming in a day or two, when we had the papers.

His statement in defense was, that he had just been returning from guard, when he remembered that he had forgotten to bring in a book one of the officers had asked him to bring in from the town, some three miles distant. Without stopping to think, he walked off at once, got the book, and was within half a mile of the camp, when he fancied he saw a tiger. He got behind the bushes to watch, and saw one making for the distant camp. Anxious to secure the prize, he incautiously broke open one of his packages and loaded to have a shot at it. He had covered the beast, and was firing at the tiger, when he heard another report simultaneously with that of his own carbine. He saw the tiger roll right over as if shot, and then bound away. In another instant the officer came round the tope bleeding, and ordered him into arrest. He was quite sure that he hit the tiger, and equally sure that another rifle was fired at the same moment that he pulled the trigger.

Of course such a lame statement had no effect, and he was sentenced.

I could not help thinking that there was a flaw in the evidence. How was it if there was, as agreed, a loud report—which meant a full charge of powder—that the bullet stopped at the saddle instead of going through both saddle and horse. That was a great discrepancy—a full charge would have made a loud report, and sent it right through any thing at a distance of 200 yards. I felt there was something wrong, and made up my mind to go on the spot. I had but six days to go in, but much might be done. Margaret insisted on going with me in spite of all I could do to keep her away.

"Have I not done all you wished me to do since we have been out here? Do, for Heaven's sake, let me have my way in this!"

So we went up the country in post haste.

I was, of course, as one of the staff, admitted to see poor Gerald, whom I found terribly cut up.

"I don't mind the imprisonment; it's the disgrace! The lashes! By George! I shall kill myself directly I get loose after it; I know I shall."

"No, no," said Maggie; "don't, for my sake. Oh, Gerald! if you knew how I have suffered for weeks past, you would live for my sake. I do not care about the brand of the lashes. I know you are innocent, and that there has been some horrible blunder committed in this matter. Oh, Willie, dear, do think of something to save him!"

"Oh, do; there's a good fellow! get me some stuff that will make an end of me."

"Don't talk like that, Gerald; there's some infernal mistake in it. Don't despair yet. Let's go over the ground again, step by step," and I made him tell me the whole story over again.

"It seems to me, Gerald, we want not a few things to show you are not guilty. We want the tiger you shot at, and that we sha'n't get; and we want the clew to the mystery of the other rifle."

"Oh, I've thought of it all till I'm sick. I don't care what happens now. I'll wait till the day before it's to come off, and then break my head against the walls."

"Don't be a fool, Gerald! I'm sure you are innocent. So is Margaret."

"Yes, so are a hundred others; but it's all no use. In three days I am disgraced for life, if I live."

"Well, I must leave you now, and see what I can do."

"Let me have five minutes with Maggie, will you?"

I left them alone for some ten minutes, and then told Maggie she must go home with me.

I was beaten; I could not see how I could get any fresh evidence, and without that a reprieve—a postponement—was impossible.

I went to the wounded officer, the captain of his own company, and got him to tell his own story; it was just the same thing over again—always the exceedingly loud report, and the fouled and still smoking carbine.

"I would," said the captain, "have given the price of my commission rather than have had it happen. He's as fine a fellow as ever sat a horse; brave, kind, and as thorough a gentleman as the colonel himself; I always made him my orderly when I could, so as to have company. I declare to you that I did my best at the court-martial for him, and got into disgrace with the general presiding for 'coloring my statements'—that was his expression—so as to favor the prisoner. I almost sniveled when I heard the sentence, as if he had been my own brother. The men are mad about it; there has not been a lash or public punishment of any kind in the regiment for the last twenty-five years."

I hardly knew how to pass the time. I tried to think, but my ideas only traveled in the same old grooves again.

I invited the assistant-surgeon to come up to my quarters, and introduced him to my sister. He was quite a young fellow, and seemed quite flattered by my simple attention, for in the army they have not quite made up their minds whether a medical officer should be treated as a gentleman; but the strangest thing I ever saw in my life was my sister's conduct. She laid herself out to please him to an extent I never should have thought my dear, grave Maggie capable of; sang to him, played to him, and made eyes at him till I thought her brain was turned. She said she should so like to see his quarters; asked him to ask us to lunch, and shut me up like a rat-trap when I ventured to hint that it might not be convenient.

Well, he went away at last as mad as she. I spoke to her after he was gone, and she fell into my arms, sobbing as if her heart was breaking, and then, without a word of explanation, ran out of the room.

Next day we went to his quarters, and nothing would satisfy her but that he should mix up some medicine for her out of the bottles of his little traveling-case. There she was, handling, and sniffing, and tasting every thing, like a child of ten rather than a girl of eighteen. She sent him about the room, made him bring books from the opposite side of it so that she might read about the properties of the drugs, and, in short, behaved so like a lunatic that I thought the trouble about Gerald must have affected her mind. I got her away at last, and intended to insist on her remaining in the house and putting some ice to her head. It was quite unnecessary; the minute we left the surgery she was calm and silent as a nun.

Well, the days passed in some sort of dreary fashion till the evening of the 11th. I had been asked during the day to go down with the officers to see some rifle practice, at some temporary marks, and I went down.

It was rather late when I rode up to the firing point, and they were just leaving off; and one of them came up and said,

"I say, captain, tell us the cause of these new bullets turning inside out?" and he handed me a bullet reversed.

"You see, when the point of the bullet strikes the target, part of the lead is melted by the development of heat caused by the sudden arrest of the bullet's motion and goes off in the splash, the rest of the bullet is softened by the heat; and inasmuch as the parts must stop in their order of succession, the edge of the cup of the bullet is driven in level with the base of the cup."

I had taken it just to explain the matter to him; but as I spoke a thought struck my mind like a flash of lightning.

"Saved!" I exclaimed. "Who's got that bullet out of the saddle?"

"What bullet?"

"Gerald's—my cousin's."

"Oh! 'Gentleman Jack's' affair. The doctor's got it."

"Where is he?"

"Don't know—quarters, I think."

"No, he's come into town; I saw him on the road as we came by."

I sped on into the town, leaving them to think what they pleased; and spent more than two hours finding the doctor. At last I caught him.

In another minute we were riding full gallop to his quarters.

He had the bullet—a little bruised and singularly flattened and blunted at the point—it must have been just spent when it struck.

I then went to the sergeant who had charge of the nineteen rounds of ammunition that were found in Gerald's pouch. About midnight I contrived to find him, and after some little delay I got possession of them.

I then returned to the doctor and we compared the nineteen bullets with the one found in the saddle. I then ran to the telegraph clerk, roused him out of bed, and told him to telegraph to the head-quarters in Calcutta to my lieutenant in charge of the magazines.

After an hour's waiting, ringing at the bell, an answer came that the night-watchman would fetch the lieutenant. I then sent message No. 1.

"Examine the books and see the date on which the last ammunition was sent for the use of the 40th Dragoons; find the same parcel and carefully remove one cartridge from each of twenty packets, selected at random; take out bullets and remove plugs; and send No. in base of cup of bullets."

The answer came back that he understood, and would rouse up the people to do it.

After an hour and a half the answer came back:

"All the bullets are numbered 5, with a dot on the right."

I then sent message No. 2:

"Examine what cartridges bear the No. 2 with a dot on the left and report to whom issued, and when—report quickly—a man's life depends on speed."

Again I waited another hour. No answer came.

It was getting late—half past two; at four the parade would take place. I urged more speed.

The reply came:

"We have ten men at work breaking open barrels, and searching. No No. 2 yet found."

At last it came:

"One barrel No. 2 in store; the rest of same shipment was damaged and useless, and sold in bulk to native dealers for value as old metal at one of the clearance sales some time ago."

I had learned all I could. I spurred back to camp with the bullets, from which I had never parted, in my pouch. I shall never forget the scene.

In the middle of the camp the men were drawn up in three sides of a square; in the centre of the square were the triangles, with Gerald lashed to them. I saw them as I came down the hill take off his jacket and lash his wrists. I sped on. I could see the old colonel, with the paper in his hand, standing alone, and then I saw nothing more, for a dip in the road concealed them; as I rose again to the crest at less than a quarter of a mile, I saw a woman rush in from between the ranks toward the triangles, holding something in her hand. I darted on, and rushed into the square, but just in time to seize the farrier's arm, as the lash was descending, and to see that the woman was my sister, and that she was being led away between two sergeants.

"Stop, colonel, for the love of God!" I cried, with my hand still grasping the farrier's arm; "I have evidence to prove the man not guilty."

I then showed the colonel the bullet that had come from the saddle and the others from the pouch, and pointed out to him that while one was marked No. 2, the others were all marked No. 5, with a dot. I assured him, on my honor as an officer and a gentleman, that it was almost impossible that a No. 2 bullet could by any chance get into a packet of No. 5 bullets. He was only too glad to hear me, and agreed to postpone the execution of the sentence till further orders from the general of his division.

I've heard some shouts, and I've seen some displays of enthusiasm in my time, but I never shall forget the shout that rose the minute that the colonel had pronounced that the execution of the sentence on Corporal Ashton would be postponed until further orders.

The men had been standing at "attention," many of them with the tears rolling down their cheeks, but when they heard "postponed," they broke ranks, rushed up to the triangles, cut the lashings, broke the cat, screamed, shouted, danced like madmen.

"Three cheers for 'Gentleman Jack' and his wife! Again! again, boys!"

Officers and all joined in for a few minutes. There stood the old gray-headed colonel in the midst of a scene that out-bedlamed Bedlam.

As for me I was like a man in a dream; I felt a hundred hands grasping mine. I had my sister sobbing in my arms, and then I heard the colonel say to the bugler, "Sound the assembly."

What a change! in less than a minute I stood by the fallen triangles in the centre of three lines of living statues. Not a sound; not a movement.

"Major Jackson, re-form your column and break off the men," said the colonel; and then walked away with myself and my sister.

My sister had promised Gerald that he should not suffer the disgrace of the lash; and had, during the hour I thought she was fooling with the doctor, managed to get hold of his bottle of prussic acid, and had rushed out with half of it for him and half for herself; and her appearance had so thoroughly surprised every one that she had reached the triangles, and almost raised it to his lips, when the doctor, recognizing his own blue bottle, struck her hand a violent blow, and dashed it on to the ground, besides disabling her from getting her own share.

I don't think the general of the division would have been satisfied with that evidence alone, and so we went about to hunt for more. I begged that, as we had found so much, Gerald might be permitted to accompany a party of search, under a guard, to find the missing tiger.

We went there, Maggie insisted on joining us. All the officers off duty went, and about half the men.

Gerald then pointed out the spot where he had stood, and where he shot the tiger; and from that point we started, crossing and recrossing, till there could not have been any thing as large as a half-crown that could be hidden.

Maggie and I were riding in front of the line, when Maggie exclaimed,

"What a horrible smell comes from that copse!"

"I don't smell any thing, Mag."

"You've lived here so long that you've no sense of smell left."

Of course as Maggie was with us, Blinkers, her dog, was there too. Blinkers advanced to the copse—paused—and rushed underneath the grass, barking as if infuriated.

"There's something in there, Willie."

Some of the others coming up, we pushed our way into the depths, guided by the frantic bark of Blinkers, and, after being much scratched and torn, found ourselves in the centre of a trampled circle of jungle-grass, with the half-devoured remains of a large tiger.

The doctor was sent for, and the wound discovered: the beast had evidently been lamed, the bullet breaking the fore-leg. It was also evident that, wounded as it was, it had lingered on till it was mere skin and bone, and had died only within the last few days. Assisted by some natives, the good-natured doctor commenced the horrible task of searching for the bullet, and, after half an hour's labor, the most disgusting he had ever undergone, it was found flattened against the large bone of the hind-leg, and handed to me.

Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I saw on the rescued bullet the No. 5, with a dot as fresh and clear as if it had just come from the pressing-machine.

Great was the rejoicing that night in the camp of the 40th. Blue fires were burned, the band came and serenaded Maggie. The whole of the officers, including the old colonel, came as to a levee; but still I felt there was one thing more to be found out. How did the No. 2 bullet get into the saddle?

At length I inquired whether any of the officers missed any of their arms. Curiously enough, the only missing arm was a gun belonging to the wounded captain. I asked, did he remember the size. He did. It was just a shade smaller than the bore of the regimental carbines. You could get a government bullet down by a good deal of hammering.

I now propounded my theory, that the bullet No. 2 had been fired from the captain's missing rifle, for the point of the bullet was marked with rings, and considerably flattened. Now there was nothing in the flesh and nothing in the saddle to produce these marks, and they must therefore have been made before firing.

I then proposed that a full search should be made with dogs, for at least two miles round, from where the shot was fired, to see if any traces could be found of either the man or the gun.

We made the most careful search; presently I came to a stone on the road itself, marked in a most peculiar manner.

"What's the cause of these marks?" said I to the farrier of the troop, who had volunteered to help, and who said he never felt more grateful to any one in all his life than he did to me for squeezing his wrist so hard that day.

"What's the cause? It's been used as a hammer for something—a nail in a shoe."

"Nail-heads are square."

"True for you—these are round."

"Do you think a ramrod would make these marks?"

"It just would. Somebody's been driving down a hard bullet with it."

"So I think. Now take this stone and throw it straight over that gap into the middle of the copse, and I'll mark where it seems to fall."

He threw it, and marking the spot, we found our way into the jungle; and there, within a few yards of the stone, under the long leaves, we found what we sought—the remains of a native, stripped entirely of flesh and skin except on the hands and feet, and with a great gaping wound in the skull; and in the inside, which the ants had perfectly cleaned out, was a large piece of the breech of the burst gun that he had by his side.

The whole evidence was there; two empty cartridge-cases; another No. 2 bullet; eight untouched cartridges. It was clear enough that the man, whoever he was, had taken the captain's gun, and putting in two charges of powder, rammed down the too large bullet with the blows of the stone on the now bruised end of the ramrod; and the loud report that all the witnesses spoke of was as loud as the simultaneous report of the discharge of three charges of powder could make it. While the want of force in the bullet was accounted for by the bursting of the gun.

We took home the skull, and the burst rifle, and the cartridge-cases, together with some remnants of clothing; and we there found out the intended murderer to have been one of the syces, or grooms of the captain, that he had horsewhipped a month before for ill-using a horse of which he had charge.

Of course there was a new trial ordered; and, as the evidence was unquestionable, Gerald was discharged.

He and his comrades managed matters among them so well, that at the first parade of the regiment, in Calcutta, some six months afterward, the old colonel presented to the men a new officer, Captain Ashton, adding, "If he makes half as good an officer as he did a soldier there will not be a better in Her Majesty's service."

As for Maggie, I've just sent a little case, lined with velvet, and something inside engraved—"William Gerald Ashton, from his affectionate uncle."

HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE REBEL SOLDIERS, MAY 31, 1867.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 526.]

THE LATE DOCTOR ANTHON.

CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Columbia College, one of the most distinguished scholars and successful teachers in our country, who has by his various publications contributed more than any other to introduce among us the rich treasures of German classical learning, and who is more widely known in Europe than any other American commentator on classical authors, died at his residence in New York City on Monday, July 29, in the seventieth year of his age.

Professor ANTHON was born in the city of New York in 1797. His father, Dr. G. C. ANTHON, a native of Germany, was in the service of the British Government in various medical capacities, and finally as Surgeon-General of the garrison at Detroit (now metropolis of Michigan), from the commencement of the French war until about 1788, when he resigned his commission, removed to the city of New York, and attached himself to the fortunes of the new Republic. In that city he pursued his profession with great ability and success, until his death in 1814, at the advanced age of 83 years. The subject of this article, the fourth of six sons, having received the best education which the schools of that day afforded, in 1811 entered Columbia College, the institution to which he was so long attached, and on which he reflected so much honor. His under-graduate career was signally marked by diligence and scholarship, and he speedily became "facillime princeps" of a large class distinguished for its merit, and so continued throughout his college course.

The usage of the college at that time (which, however, has been since abandoned) honored the principal scholar by withdrawing him from competition, and, in thus announcing him "emeritus," stamped upon him the highest mark of her approbation. This very enviable distinction he reached at an early period, and graduated with it in 1815. His thesis at the public Commencement, when he received his first degree, A.B., was a learned and classical effort, highly honorable to him and to his alma mater.

Having left his college with all the honors she could bestow upon him, the next care of his friends was to guide him to a profession where his acquirements might be most useful to him and to the community. The profession of the law at that time held forth the strongest inducements to educated and ambitious minds, and he, after due consideration, determined to commence the study of the law. For this purpose in 1815 he entered the office of his brother, Mr. JOHN ANTHON, who had also graduated with distinguished scholarship at the same college, and who still retained an ardent attachment to classical studies. From him the first injunction he received, and to which he religiously adhered, related to his triumphant collegiate course, and required of him a daily attention to his classics: "Nulla dies sine linea" became the guiding maxim of his actions, and led him, during the career of his legal studies, to a maturity of scholarship seldom found among the followers of COKE even in the palmy days of the law. This advice, thus followed, marks one important period in Dr. ANTHON'S history. It is worthy of remark that to the same adviser he is indebted for his entrance on another truly important field, thus marking in his course a second era. During his clerkship an eminent Lutheran clergyman, Dr. SCHAEFFER, having announced his intention to form a class for instruction in the German language, his brother strenuously and successfully urged him to avail himself of the opportunity, and add this to his other treasures. He became an excellent German scholar, and his precise and extensive knowledge of that valuable language enabled him with great success to unlock and disseminate the classical treasures it contains. The uses which Dr. ANTHON has since made of this language were not at that time contemplated either by him or his adviser; for, in truth, the scholars of Germany had not as yet invested their country with the bright halo they have since cast around her. The advice had more immediate reference to his professional advancement among the countrymen of his father, a body of citizens at that early time of great wealth and respectability, and very rapidly increasing in numbers.

In 1819 Mr. ANTHON was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and practiced his profession for some time with as much success as usually attends the early efforts of the barrister. We have reason to know that, when now left to his own control, the mighty masters of ancient lore continued to receive his daily devotions; and thus, at a time when the learning of the college is felt by the larger portion of graduates only in its humanizing effects, and when its special beauties by neglect have become dim, it shone in the subject of this article with increased splendor. Hence, when the trustees of Columbia College were seeking for a ripe scholar to assist the Professor of the Humanities in that institution, all eyes were turned to the young lawyer, and he received an unexpected and unanimous call to leave his profession and devote himself to a literary career. This offer found him with his classical learning bright from continued use, and with all his predilections running warmly and enthusiastically in that direction. After maturely weighing the subject, and advising with his earliest friend, he accepted the call, and was unanimously elected Adjunct Professor of Languages in Columbia College in 1820, and fondly bade adieu to Themis and the "fori strepitus." In 1830 he received the title and dignity of "Jay Professor," a title introduced in honor of JOHN JAY, the first and distinguished Governor of the State of New York; and in the same year was appointed rector of the College Grammar School, which, under his able and efficient supervision, increased in numbers from about 30 to nearly 300 pupils. At the annual Commencement in 1831 his college conferred upon Professor ANTHON the degree of LL.D.; and in 1835, upon the resignation of Professor MOORE, he was advanced to the position filled for many years by that gentleman, of Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages. In the year 1857, on the removal of the college from Park Place to its present location on Forty-ninth Street and Fourth Avenue, numerous changes were made in the distribution of the studies in the several departments, with an increase of instructors. A division was made of the principal chairs: the Professorship of Greek and Latin was divided into two distinct chairs; Dr. ANTHON preferred the department of Greek, which he filled to the time of his death.

Dr. ANTHON was unquestionably one of the first classical scholars of his age and country, and was the first native American who furnished text-books in the classics for the schools of the Old World. The general adoption of his works in the leading seminaries of Europe has made his name as familiar as household words to the students of the nineteenth century. The catalogue of his publications at the end of this article will show as well his classical attainments as his untiring and Herculean industry. His minute and copious annotations at first encountered some opposition, but so little effectual has been the force of prejudice, and so generally acceptable, both at home and abroad, have the Professor's comments approved themselves that many, even of those who at first were loudest in their denunciations of the system thus introduced, have been compelled, by the positive advantages and rich results of this same system, to adopt as far as possible a similar fullness of annotation in their own publications.

It is not believed that the subject of this article has ventured much into the field of general literature. The elegant and instructive dialogues prefixed to several of the works edited by him, cause a sincere regret that this field had not been more extensively cultivated by him. A classical biography from the same pen, and in this lively and interesting form, would have been a contribution of inestimable value to the literature of his country.

THE LATE CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Professor ANTHON'S literary activity early displayed itself. Soon after his appointment to the adjunct professorship he undertook the preparation of a new edition of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. This work, which, under an alphabetical arrangement, contained a summary of Greek and Roman biography, mythology, and geography, though useful in design was very defective in execution, especially in the department of ancient geography. To the correction, enlargement, and improvement of this work Dr. ANTHON applied himself with such vigor and perseverance, and with such success, that his labors were speedily reproduced in England, and there, as well as here, have since enjoyed the highest consideration as an excellent condensation of the most valuable labors of the scholars who have written on the various subjects comprised in that work. It is certainly highly creditable to Dr. ANTHON, a native-born American, and whose life was spent in his native city, that he was able, by his own unaided efforts, to produce a manual involving the perusal, in part or whole, of several thousand volumes of authors, both ancient and modern, in many different languages, which for nearly twenty years had no rival at all comparable to it in point of accuracy or completeness, until the publication of the Dictionary of Biography and Mythology edited by Dr. SMITH, the combined production of more than thirty eminent German and English scholars. In 1830 appeared the larger edition of Horace, with a very copious and valuable body of annotations, and a learned original essay on the Seres and the silk-trade of the ancients. A small edition of Horace was prepared for the use of schools and colleges from this larger one by Dr. ANTHON, in 1833, which has been republished in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and has gone through a large number of editions in those countries. From this time Dr. ANTHON devoted his talents and great learning to the renovation of our classical school-books. In 1835, in connection with the publishing house of the Messrs. HARPER, he projected a classical series, which should comprise as well the text-books used in academies and schools preparatory to college, as those commonly read in our different colleges and universities.

To the execution of this plan the rest of his literary life was devoted. Though still performing faithfully and vigorously his college duties, as those who had the good fortune to be his pupils can testify; and though, after his two or three hours daily with his college classes, he devoted three hours a day to the grammar-school connected with the same, for many years hearing all the classical recitations of the most advanced class, he yet found or made leisure to publish more than a volume a year for the succeeding thirty years. Such labors were possible only under the conditions of an iron constitution and most systematic habits, and Dr. ANTHON possessed these in a remarkable degree. For years together he never left the city, and often, for several days in succession, his exercise would be a few turns around the college green when evening screened him from the notice of the passers-by. Vacation to him was acceptable, not for the rest and opportunity to travel it afforded, but as allowing him to devote himself more exclusively to his literary labors. In the earlier part of his professional career he was an early riser, but he gradually abandoned the theory and practice of early rising, and, instead, continued his studies till past midnight. With all this, his health was perfect until about three or four years ago, when the first symptoms of failing strength began to show themselves. He gradually remitted his exertions by resigning the rectorship of the Grammar School, and then by discontinuing his editorial labors—thus leaving incomplete several works on which he had been engaged. His guiding maxim had been the faithful performance of duty; and true to this maxim, even when the first attack of the malady which terminated his life fell upon him at his post in his lecture-room, he refused to leave till the day's work was done, though voice and mind both at times failed to perform their wonted office. This first attack occurred at the beginning of the year. The trustees of the College, at their next meeting, voted to the Doctor leave of absence for the ensuing session, and made provision for supplying his place. It was believed that a voyage would benefit him; but Dr. ANTHON had no desire in life beyond his college work, and his only answer, when urged to avail himself of the opportunity thus presented, was: "I shall feel better at my usual employment, in my lecture-room, than any where else." He resumed his duties in February, but continued them only to the end of April, when he was again stricken down, to return no more to the College he had loved so well and served so faithfully.

The decided improvement which has recently been made among us in the preparation of classical school-books, and the renewed attention devoted to the classics themselves, may be attributed, in no slight degree, to his example, and his unwearied exertions in the cause.—Besides the Horace referred to above, Dr. ANTHON has edited, with copious and valuable commentaries, Sallust, Cæsar's Gallic War, Select Orations of Cicero, the Eclogues, Georgics, and Æneid of Virgil, the Germany, Agricola, and Annals of Tacitus, Cornelius Nepos, Select Satires of Juvenal, Select Philosophical Works of Cicero, *e. g.*, Cicero's De Senectute and De Amicitia, Tusculanæ Disputationes, and De Officiis; of Greek authors, Jacob's Greek Reader (selections), Xenophon's Anabasis, and Memorabilia of Socrates, and six books of Homer's Iliad. Besides these he has published various elementary books for the study of the Greek and Latin languages, dictionaries, manuals of antiquity and literature, as Latin Lessons, Latin Prose Composition, Latin Prosody, Latin Versification, a Manual of Roman Antiquities; Greek Lessons, Greek Prose Composition, Greek Prosody, Greek Grammar, a Manual of Greek Antiquities, a Manual of Greek Literature, a Latin-English

and English-Latin Dictionary, and a Manual of Ancient Geography. He also edited, with additions of his own, Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities, Smith's New Classical Dictionary, and Riddle and Arnold's English-Latin Dictionary. His principal work, however, and that on which his reputation for learning and research will mainly rest, is his Classical Dictionary, on which he expended many years of faithful labor. Dr. Anthon was also an occasional contributor to the Reviews and Magazines of the day, but his desire to complete the series which he had projected gradually drew him away from other literary engagements. He has gone from us full of years and full of honors; and yet to hundreds of sorrowing pupils, who knew the vigor of his constitution and his wonderful energy, he will seem to have been taken prematurely.

HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY AT RICHMOND.

On May 31, 1867, the citizens of Richmond, Virginia, acting under the auspices of the Hollywood Memorial Association, visited *en masse* the cemetery located on James River, near that city, and employed themselves for a day in decorating the graves of the several thousand Confederate soldiers who are buried there. Our engraving on page 524 is an illustration of the scene, drawn on the spot by W. L. Sheppard. The small picture on the left shows the grave of the rebel cavalry leader of the East, J. E. B. Stuart; and in the vault seen on the same side of the engraving reposes the body of the rebel cavalryman of the West, John Morgan, of Kentucky.

This cemetery is now about twenty years old. It was laid out by John Norman, of Philadelphia, in 1847, and was dedicated on June 25, 1849. Since the original purchase about twelve acres have been added, making the whole extent now 54 acres. The whole number of interments to the present time is about thirteen thousand, of whom over one-half were soldiers in the Confederate army. These, with few exceptions, are buried by themselves in a portion of the ground known as the Soldiers' Division.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Now that the Public Schools in our city are enjoying a vacation of comfortable length, a fitting opportunity is given to make such alterations and improvements in school-houses as the laws of health demand. The time has quite gone by—if ever such a time there was—for children to be suffered to breathe compound, concentrated carbonic acid gas five hours a day, their elders expecting all the while that they will grow into energetic men and women. Yet, judging from various recent unofficial investigations, one is forced to believe that oxygen is a rare element in the atmosphere of some of our crowded school-houses.

Many of these buildings, it appears, are constructed without any proper arrangements for ventilation, the windows being often the only medium by which fresh air is admitted. So that much of the time a choice must be made between inhaling poisonous gases and sitting in a current of air, which may bring with it colds, coughs, and consumption. A few items culled from a lengthy article on this subject, which recently appeared in one of our daily journals, will be of interest to our readers:

"Your class-rooms must be very unhealthy," a visitor remarked to the principal of the Boys' Grammar Department in a building where ventilation had not been dreamed of.

"Yes," he replied, "this room was formerly so suffocating that I made strenuous efforts to abate the discomfort. It required six months' complaining to get a window cut through into the assembly-room, and this I only succeeded in by shutting a trustee up in the room and desiring him to remain there five minutes. When he came out he promised that the window should be cut, and it was cut."

By this device the foul air of the class-room escapes into the general assembly-room, instead of finding an external outlet.

In a Primary Department of 1100 children, where not more than 500 should have been, the question was asked: "How do you manage?" "Well," replied the teacher, "we almost hang the children up. An addition is being made, but it is inadequate to our wants, as quite a number of tenement-houses are going up near here, each of which turns out a primary school."

One room in this building is entirely shut off from any communication with the external air; and one hundred children were sealed up in this box.

The following description gives an idea of the condition of certain class-rooms: "On the ground-floor is an unventilated, low, and dingy assembly-room, where 280 children, divided into three classes, recite simultaneously. Back of this are smaller rooms, equally objectionable, one having only one window, which window is a poor apology for the same, being obstructed by a staircase. On the story above the air and arrangements are better, yet so crowded are the rooms that we saw one little girl perched on the stove.

"Does that little girl sit on the stove in winter?" we asked.

"Oh no, then she stands up."

The principal of one Grammar School, in reply to some inquiries made by the visitor, said: "The hour for dismission is 3 o'clock, but it is oftener 4 and 5 o'clock before the girls in this department go home. They are ambitious, and our reputation as teachers depends upon our grades, you know. You are right in finding fault with the ventilation, but in the Primary Department you will find it much worse. I was down there fifteen minutes yesterday, and felt that I had remained fifteen minutes too long."

This teacher was correct. Five hundred and fifty little children were herded together in a space only large enough for two-thirds the number, and the two galleries were not only damp and dark, but in winter very cold, a condition of temperature that precludes the opening of windows. As whatever ventilation there may be comes from below only, the state of these galleries must be poisonous indeed.

Said another teacher, opening a dark, unventilated room, crowded with little helpless children, acquiring disease more rapidly than their spelling lessons, "*This* I call the Black Hole of Calcutta."

Even some of the best school buildings in the city are very deficient in all sanitary requirements. A teacher in one of our first schools, on being asked what was her proportion of absentees on account of sickness, replied: "Fourteen out of forty, and I am often obliged to excuse girls on account of headache caused by the bad air of the class-rooms. Our only means of ventilation is by the windows, so that in winter it is a choice between catching cold and inhaling poison. The girls generally prefer the poison."

A great deal has already been accomplished, by those who have the special charge of such matters, in general improvements in our public schools. While duly grateful for what has been done, we remember the old adage, "Delays are dangerous." Who can tell how many deaths will be the consequence if such crowded, ill-ventilated rooms as have been referred to are occupied, without alteration, another year?

The fashionable summer resorts are gradually filling up. The weather this season has been unusually cool, and many have postponed their ordinary flitting. But hot days must be expected in August; and now pleasure-seekers from all parts of the continent are rusticating among the White Mountains, refreshing themselves in the sparkling surf at Newport and Long Branch, and quaffing the healing waters of Saratoga. Ladies will be interested to know that fashion unbends in *one* place: hair is worn "any how" *on the beach* and *in the waves;* "the oil-skin-covered coiffure and wild-wind-disheveled locks, *à la nature*," are equally stylish. At Saratoga some wear their chignons "stuck on the back of the head, like a door-knob; others wear it on top, like a nine-pin."

A sad and singular death recently occurred in Hudson City. A boy nine years old, of exceedingly nervous temperament, having committed some fault, his mother threatened to report his conduct to his father, which she did on his return home in the evening. After tea the father took the boy into a room up stairs for correction, carrying with him a switch; after going into the room, and before the punishment had been inflicted, the boy, probably through excessive fear, was thrown into convulsions and died in an hour. The parents are much afflicted.

The temperament and disposition of children should be carefully studied by parents, and discipline modified accordingly. Every child demands individual training. A child of exceedingly nervous organization would rarely, if ever, require corporal punishment.

A young man of honest countenance was recently brought before a justice charged with stealing a valuable surveyor's instrument. He readily admitted his guilt, and confused by his unusual position, burst into tears, and pleaded a starving mother in extenuation of his offense. His tale, which was corroborated by a gentleman who had visited the mother after his arrest, was one of the most plaintive ever told in a court of justice. "I took the instrument," he said, "but I am no thief. I did not know its value, or what it was. I could get no work; my mother was starving and I was hungry." This plea could not, of course, be considered, and he was sent down to abide with hardened thieves and vagabonds, to await a trial at the Court of General Sessions.

If persons are resolved to commit suicide with powder and balls they had better study the science of gunnery. A woman in St. Louis, disgusted with life on account of ill-treatment from her husband, determined to commit suicide by shooting herself with a cannon-ball, which had been round the house for some time, a relic from Vicksburg. Having obtained half a dollar's worth of powder, she placed it on a plate on the floor, put the ball on the powder, sat down upon it, and touched a match to the explosive, fondly expecting instant death from the fatal ball. It did not "go off," however, although the powder did; and she is suffering from painful and dangerous burns.

A Boston paper sagely remarks: "Persons out of town wishing a supply of Congress, Kissingen, or Excelsior waters sent to them should first ask the permission of the State constables. The office is in Bromfield Street."

A new thing in the eating line has been discovered. It will doubtless prove a valuable and palatable addition to the bill of fare at first-class restaurants and hotels. The Japanese in Paris have taught the cooks at the Grand Hotel how to "bake" ice-creams. Freeze your ice as hard as possible, wrap it quickly in a very thin crust of pastry, and put it in the oven. The pastry will be baked before the ice melts (for the pastry is a good non-conductor of heat); serve hot, and you may enjoy the pleasure of eating hot pastry and ice-cream at the same time.

An exchange says: "In one of the fashionable churches in a certain New England city strangers are seated according to dress. If elegantly dressed they are placed near the pulpit; a moderate display secures a position half-way up the broad aisle; but a lady plainly attired is put as near the door as possible."

A new suspension bridge, intended for the accommodation of foot-passengers only, is now in progress at Niagara Falls. It will be situated but a short distance from the International Hotel on the American side and the Clifton House on the Canadian side. The structure will be of the usual wire cables, resting upon wooden towers. It will be abundantly strong and safe.

The "devil-fish"—that hideous sea-monster—has gained some notoriety from the vivid description which Victor Hugo gives of it in his "Toilers of the Sea." Recently two of these creatures have been taken and carried to San Francisco by some Italian fisherman. The head is about the size of a sturgeon's, is joined to a sort of sack, from which hang eight long pendents or arms, whichever they may be, that are covered with suckers or valves resembling in shape and size the human ear, and, like the main body, of a white gelatinous appearance. Take a large sturgeon and cut his body into strips from the gills to the tail; spread them out with the head in the centre, and you have some idea of the appearance of the devil-fish. They are found all along the North Pacific coast, but are seldom captured, owing to the danger attending that operation. The two in San Francisco measure six feet from the end of their noses to the tip of their arms.

A society has been formed at Munich for the collection of cigar ends. An appeal is to be addressed to all smokers in Bavaria to give their cigar ends to the society instead of throwing them away, it being intended to apply the proceeds arising from their sale to the clothing of poor children. It is calculated that upward of £500,000 a year may be obtained by this means. Economy is a good thing, and charity is to be commended. We suggest that similar societies be formed in America; for cigars, whether in fragments or otherwise, can never be more judiciously "used up" than in supplying the wants of the poor. Such a society would undoubtedly result in something better than smoke and ashes.

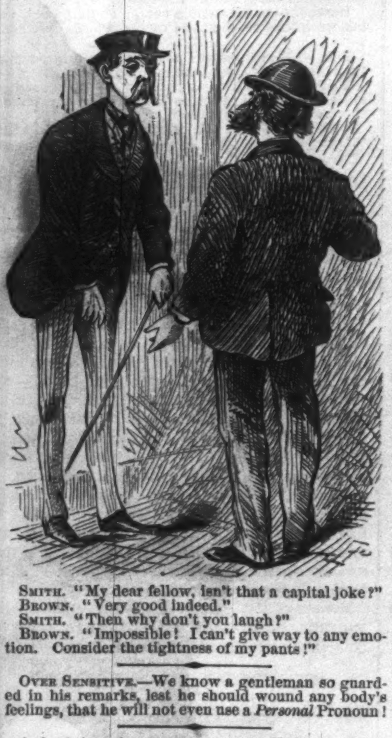
A German paper contains the following singular obituary:

"My husband is no more. He did not wish to live longer, and if he had it would have made no difference, for gout entered his stomach, and was soon followed by death. I shall marry the doctor who so kindly attended my late husband; I learned then to trust him. Soft rest the ashes of the departed one, whose wholesale liquor business I shall continue at the old stand."

In Italy about one-third of the whole number of laborers engaged in agricultural pursuits are women. In her manufactories 1,692,740 females and 1,879,605 males find employment. Out of 531,435 artists nearly one-fourth are women. There are 257,407 female landed proprietors there, and 313,497 maid-servants. In France nearly one-half the labor of almost all kinds is performed by females.

Phrenology is a very interesting study; and a comical thing it must be to have one's cranium examined and learn what you are, what you can be, and what you might have been under other circumstances. Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, a certain lady, who had successfully conducted a department of one of our leading daily papers, was caught in a shower on her way home from the office. She was near a noted phrenological establishment and stepped inside to wait for an omnibus. One of the *attachés* of the place, thinking her a rural customer, inquired whether she wished to have her head examined. "I have no objection," was the reply, "if you can do it quickly;" and, removing her bonnet, placed herself under the hands of the craniologist. After feeling her head for some time he said, very sagely, "Well, Madame, if you had only been educated, I think you might have been able to write something!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



Smith. "My dear fellow, isn't that a capital joke?"
Brown. "Very good indeed."
Smith. "Then why don't you laugh?"
Brown. "Impossible! I can't give way to any emotion. Consider the tightness of my pants!"

Over Sensitive.—We know a gentleman so guarded in his remarks, lest he should wound any body's feelings, that he will not even use a *Personal* Pronoun!

A short time since a surgeon was called as a witness for the purpose of proving damages upon an action of assault. He deposed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being asked if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered, "We always find it necessary to do something when sent for."

When did Ruth treat Boaz roughly?—When she pulled his ears and trod upon his corn.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Mine Cot! mine Cot! vot language dat!
I can not English spraken;
For shust so sure I speak him right,
So sure I bees mistaken.

For when I says I wants my beer,
I mean that lager fixen;
Bier means dem tings dat folks ride on
Ven dey go dead as blixen.

Dey say dey "raise" a building,
Den "raze" it down so cline;
"Rays" mean dem ting the sun trows
Ven it gits up to shine.

"Meat" means dem ting dat's coot to eat;
"Meet" also means ting proper;
'Tis only "mete" to measure dese tings
Ven steampoats "mete" the stopper.

Shust the same word means every ting;
It makes no business whether
You spell him dis or t'other way—
Von sounds almost like t'other.

Mine Cot! mine Cot! so sure I "knows,"
I can not English spraken;
For ven I "nose" I speak him right,
Py tam! I gits mistaken.

Gastronomical Discovery.—The hippophagists of France are said to have invented a new dish of horse soup, namely a *Consomme aux œufs*, in which the eggs have been obtained from a mare's nest.

A Spy-see Remark.—Why does a satirist treat his victims like telescopes?—Because he draws them out—sees through them—and then shuts them up.

A blind man had been sitting one day, and pleasantly chatting with some visitors for an hour, when one of them wished the company good-morning, and left the room. "What white teeth that lady has!" said the sarcastic blind man. "How can you possibly tell that?" said a friend. "Because," was the ready answer, "for the last half hour she has done nothing but laugh."

French Leave.—Master Freddy, being directed the other morning to go and study the French language, was detected immediately afterward at the strawberry-bed. His excuse was that he wished to pick up a few *fraise*-es.

HOMEOPATHY.

Take a little wife,
The prettier the better;
Pat her cheek, and when
She wants to kiss you—let her.

Keep her in the house—
There she'll cook your mutton;
Darn your jacket too,
If she's worth a button.

Never mind the lots
Of her aunts and cousins;
Ask them to "drop in;"
Dine them all by dozens.

One of these odd days
You'll feel full one inch taller,
When you see her hug
A chopping little squaller.

Why is a hen immortal?—Because its *son* never *sets*.

"Pray, Sir," said a young Singalese, learning English, to his tutor, "am I raw when my clothes are off?" "Not unless you have rubbed your skin off. Tell me, why do you ask?" He opened a dictionary, and pointed to "*raw*, undressed."

A rascally old bachelor says the most difficult surgical operation in the world is to take the jaw out of a woman.

Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply with her request when she asks you, "Now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, my dear, won't you?"

A ball struck a little boy in the eye last week. Strange to say, the *bawl* immediately came out of his mouth.

CAUTIONARY QUOTATION.

Marriage is like a flaming candle light
Placed in the window on a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there.
Those that are out butt heads against the pane;
Those that are in butt to get out again!

Thackeray speaks of a place in Ireland where the sense of elegance was so keen that the servants brought up the coals for the parlor-grate on a clean plate.

An Irishman, carrying a heavy bundle on his shoulders, was riding on the front of a cart, and was asked why he did not set down his load upon the platform. "Be jabers," was the reply, "the horses have enough to do to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

What is the difference between a town and its people?—It is laid out at the beginning of its existence, and they at the end of theirs.

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master, and tell him to lay up treasure in heaven?"—"Wha's de use of layin' up treasure dar? He never see um again."

Quilp thinks it rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one rood, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

A man in Chicago was prosecuted for kicking his wife out of bed. His counsel admitted the charge, but said there were extenuating circumstances. "What are they?" asked the magistrate. "She persistently scratched his back with a curry-comb, may it please your Honor." "It don't please me at all, and I dismiss the complaint," was the magisterial response.

An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of a telescope. "Do you see that wee speck on the edge of the hill yonder? That, now, is my old pig, though hardly to be seen; but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt."

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